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LOOKING FORWARD

As PHILOSOPHERS have often pointed out, there is no pain comparable to that of assimilating a new idea. Wherefore, politicians are naturally reluctant to sponsor anything off the beaten track. They prefer to wait until an idea has become generally accepted before risking their livelihood by taking definite action. They resemble Mr. Micawber, Dickens' famous character. They like to wait for something to turn up.

WHERE CONGRESS, specifically, is concerned, it usually expresses past held opinion and fears to give voice to any other. For that reason it is slow to recognize emergencies as they arrive and still slower to meet them promptly.

THE BUSINESS of the press, on the other hand, is to ascertain the meaning of new facts as they emerge, and press for action upon them. Forming conclusions from new facts—the facts as yet not generally assimilated by the public and so not brought to bear upon Congress—it is inevitable that much newspaper and magazine opinion should be in conflict at many points with both Congressional opinion and the opinion of that part of the public which does not follow world events very closely.

THE EDITORIAL in this issue of the OUTLOOK—"Mr. Micawbers in Washington"—states our opinion of the manner in which Congress and the Administration are temporizing with an unemployment situation which has at last grown so acute that even Congress need not fear to recognize its existence. We believe our statement expresses the point of view of those who have followed closely what has been going on in Washington, and who also have been considering actual conditions on the sidewalks outside our offices and homes.

NOTHING DISPOSES of a bogy so quickly as facing it. We think it is time that Washington faced the unemployment situation frankly, and did something other than attempt merely to palliate it.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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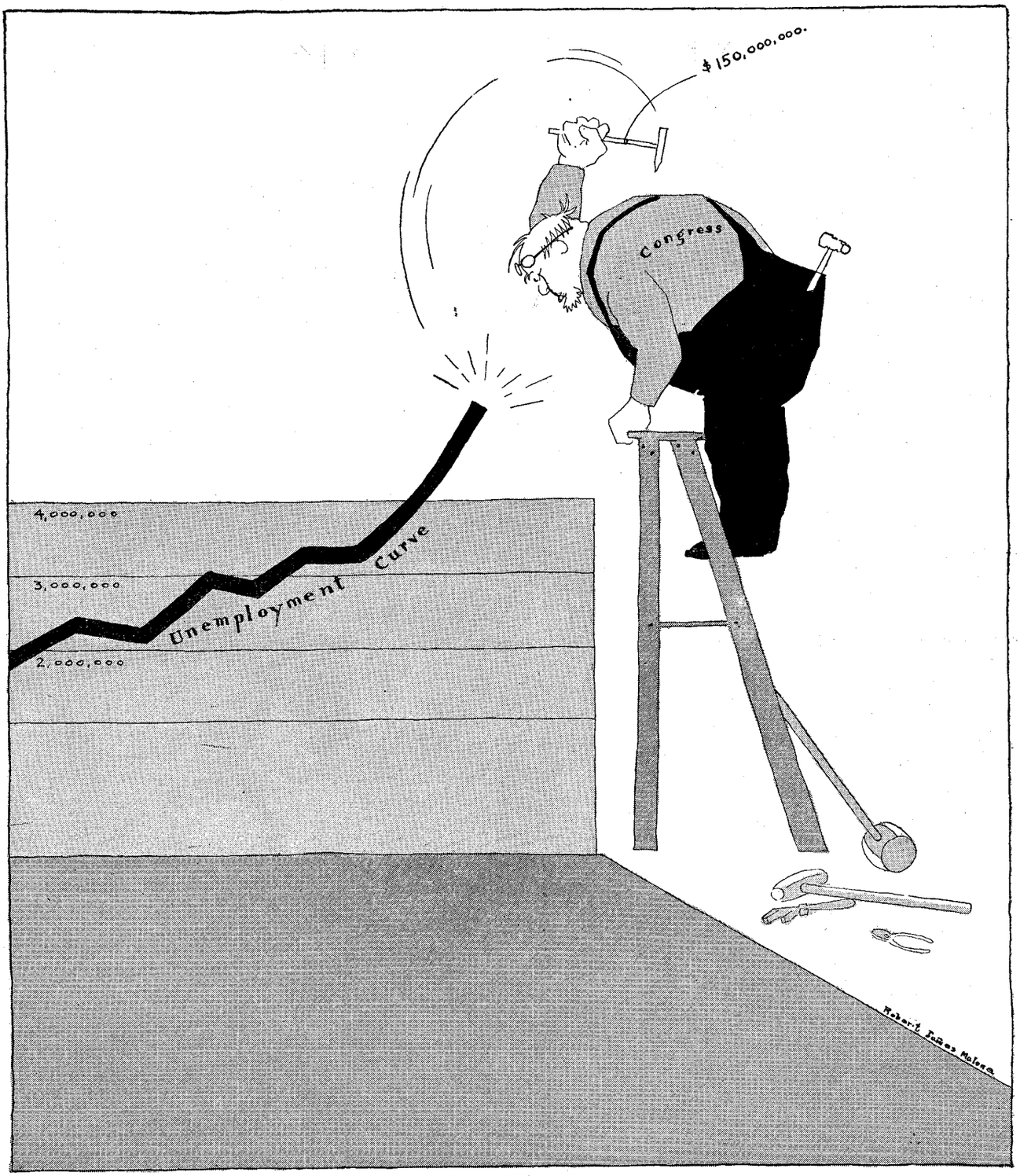

HE'LL NEVER DO IT WITH A TACKHAMMER

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

December 17, 1930

The Trend of Events

Cooperation

THE promised era of good feeling in Congress turns out to be an era of bad blood. It will be recalled that this was to be an affable short session functioning chin-deep in harmony. There were to be no unseemly rows. Members of both parties were to cooperate with each other and with Mr. Hoover. Yet within a few hours after Congress opened on December 1 with 500 unruly Communists on the doorstep, the 500 Senators and Representatives were more unruly still. Insurgent Republicans and Democrats were preparing to attack the regulars; regular Republicans and Democrats were preparing to attack each other. As for congressional cooperation with Mr. Hoover —as for that, there hasn't been any.

The highest point in Mr. Hoover's legislative program is his plan to appropriate 150 million dollars to accelerate federal construction projects so as to increase employment. When the President's special message recommending this plan was submitted to Congress, it was immediately assailed in both House and Senate. Some Senators and Representatives, it seems, believe that the sum should be allocated by Congress rather than by the President acting through a committee of Cabinet members, as Mr. Hoover proposed. Since Congress has already studied and authorized the public works on which the President would spend the money, this objection strikes us as feeble. We are far more impressed by a second objection, which holds that 150 millions is too little to do much good.

During the first week the Senate contented itself with criticizing the Hoover measure. The House, however, before passing the measure without a dissenting vote, assaulted it with a meat-ax, cutting the total to 110 millions, arguing that the remaining forty could, if necessary, be inserted into the regular supply bills. Whatever sum the measure may carry by the time it returns to the President, it probably will not carry the sum he asked for.

More Cooperation

ANOTHER high point in Mr. Hoover's legislative program is his proposal that Congress set aside 25 million dollars which may be loaned to farmers for the purchase of seed and feed for animals in drought areas. The Senate promptly approved a measure raising this sum to 60 millions. The Senate bill also permits the purchase of food for the drought-stricken farmers themselves, possibly because Mr. Hoover believes this would set an undesirable precedent.

Mr. Hoover also believes that the Senate should ratify the protocols providing for our adherence to the World Court. Perhaps that is why so many Senators insist that it shouldn't.

Again, Mr. Hoover believes that Frank R. McNinch of North Carolina would make a suitable federal power commissioner. Republican insurgents doubt it. So do many Democrats.

Finally, Mr. Hoover favors private operation at Muscle Shoals. Hosts of members in both houses and parties have vowed to hold out for public operation until the cows come home.

This may be cooperation as Washington understands it. To us it looks suspiciously like an ordinary session of Congress.

Deaths in Football

NOWADAYS few American mothers warn their sons that football is perilous and brutal. How, then, does it happen that thirteen football players were killed during the season of 1930? Is football really less dangerous than it was when moustached players were huddling in mass formations and rushing in flying wedges? It is, though the tackling and interference are as fierce as ever, and the abandon of the players is as great (note Red Woodworth of Northwestern playing guard without headgear, winning a post on the Associated Press All-American). It definitely is, though there were thirteen deaths in 1930, as compared with five in 1913, twelve in 1909 and eleven in 1906.

One answer to the puzzle is easy to find—there are far more players, and hence more chances of injury, every year. Another is that shrewd coaching, cautious medical attention, frequent substitutions and adequate padding have safeguarded the rank and file of players from fatal hurt. It is significant that eight of those killed in 1930 were players on high school teams, one was on a church team and four were on teams in small colleges—Monmouth in Illinois, Emporia in Kansas and Marietta in Ohio. No player on a professional team was killed, none on the team of a large college, none on the team of a high school in a large city. No more need be said.

Autumnal Custom

FOOTBALL, indeed, may be less harmful to players than to spectators, as Westbrook Pegler indicates in his realistic

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and ironical sports column syndicated by the Chicago *Tribune*:

"Estimating the average per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages, exclusive of beer, at one pint, which I believe to be a conservative figure, and estimating the average football attendance at one million on a big week end, I arrive at the conclusion that the beneficial effects of football on those who play the game are more than offset by the deleterious effects on others. There are those who will deny that the average per capita consumption amounts to as much as a pint, but there will be others who will deny that it works out at anything less than a case . . . . However, it is idle to consider the opinions of extremists, and as I am what is known as a moderate in this matter, I will admit that my own guess, one pint, is about right. It is to be conceded, of course, that some few eccentrics will not drink any stimulants at all during a football week end, but counterbalancing these lows in the record there will be the great achievements of others who will drink one or more cases, each, between Friday and Monday, four or five times every season, while they last. The more sophisticated stimulants will bear a wide variety of labels, most of them reading Old Something or Other, and the bottle necks will be sealed with ingenious caps and revenue stamps manufactured by the Sicilian boys in New York and Chicago. But, in the total of one million pints, there will be a large quantity of sincere, unpretentious Georgia moon or mule in mason jars, a large element of Texas sheep-dip, some boll-weevil spray from Mississippi, some Kansas jake, and some radiator fluid, this latter from Iowa, where it is regarded as the wine of the country. If these million pints were poured together in a heterogeneous mixture in an open reservoir, the fumes would destroy all the vegetation within a ten-mile radius and all the cows of the region would give sidecars, stingers and old-fashioneds for the next five years . . . . Time was in my experience when election nights and New Year's eves were the only occasions on the calendar which were really set aside for serious and unrestrained drinking, but that was then and the present is now."

▸▸*Clash in a Cathedral*

THE BACKGROUND of the Bishop Manning-Judge Lindsey brawl is, briefly, this:

About three weeks ago the New York Churchmen's Association, an organization of Episcopal clergymen, invited Judge Lindsey to address them on "The Institution of Marriage." When Bishop Manning heard of this he asked that the invitation be withdrawn. The clergymen voted him down. Judge Lindsey therefore addressed them on his favorite reforms, one of which is the legalization of companionate marriages—marriages

Wide World

WILLIAM T. MANNING
Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York

in which a divorce may be secured by mutual consent if there are no children. Bishop Manning thereupon announced that he would preach on companionate marriage at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday, December 7. Judge Lindsey, in turn, declared that he would be in the congregation and might rise up in the midst of the sermon and ask why the Bishop had forbidden the clergymen to listen to him.

Both went through with their plans. The Bishop delivered his sermon; the Judge arose and asked for a hearing. He was promptly howled down, ejected from the church, arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. True, Bishop Manning's sermon, with its wounding references to Lindsey's dubious disbarment in Colorado, must have been hard for the Judge to bear. The Bishop declared that Judge Lindsey's teachings were immoral and destructive, foul and wicked; that his "companionate marriage" was only another name for free love; that his latest book was "one of the most filthy, insidious and cleverly written pieces of propaganda ever published in behalf of lewdness, promiscuity, adultery and unrestrained sexual gratification." Stuff like that.

This, however, does not excuse Judge Lindsey's cheap and offensive stunt of rudely interrupting a church service, as if a cathedral were a proper place for a debate, and acting throughout less like an idealist than a headline-hunter. No one can plausibly defend conduct like that. We certainly do not intend to try.

▸▸*Fiscal Year 1930-31*

WHEN President Hoover submitted his budget to Congress he spoke of three distinct fiscal years—1929-30, which ended last June 30; 1930-31, which will end next June 30; and 1931-32, ending June 30, 1932. Mr. Hoover said that 1929-30 ended with a federal surplus of 183 million dollars, that 1930-31 probably would end with a deficit of 180 millions, and that—with increased taxes and cautious economy—1931-32 might close with a surplus of 30 millions.

Except as they related to the last fiscal year, Mr. Hoover's surplus and deficit figures were, of course, mere guesses, which may be inaccurate. A year ago Mr. Hoover predicted a 1929-30 surplus of 225 million dollars, while he actually got a surplus of 180 millions. An error of 45 millions. In that message he predicted a 1930-31 surplus of 123 million dollars, while for the same year he is now predicting a deficit of 180 millions. An error of 303 millions.

Mr. Hoover recognized that the expected 1930-31 deficit is attributable to a 430-million decrease in receipts (partly due to the one per cent tax reduction advocated by himself) and to a 225-million increase in expenditures. "This," he said, "would indicate a change in the situation from the estimates of the last

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budget of 655 million dollars." So it does. And so the 123-million surplus which he predicted last year for 1930-31 would seem to have become a 533-million deficit. But Mr. Hoover will not have it that way. By grabbing 185 millions in interest on foreign debts (heretofore used to reduce our own national debt), by persuading the Farm Board to cut 100 millions off its demands on the Treasury and by anticipating a 67-million reduction through "economies brought about in the government," he has juggled the estimated deficit from 533 to 180 millions. Explaining away 353 millions of a deficit is pretty tall explaining.

To meet the estimated 180-million deficit Mr. Hoover has refused to touch the 440 million dollars set aside by law for the reduction of our national debt. Instead, he has proposed to utilize funds from the Treasury's general reserve, supplemented, if necessary, by temporary borrowing. This is well enough. On June 30, 1931, however, Mr. Hoover may have to face a deficit larger than the 180-million deficit he now anticipates.

▶▶*Fiscal Year 1931-32*

HAVING disposed of the deficit for 1930-31, how was Mr. Hoover to avoid a deficit for 1931-32? Looking back upon eleven years of surpluses climaxed by a deficit in 1930-31, he sought to avoid two deficits in a row by discontinuing the one per cent reduction on income taxes voted last year and by preventing Congress from embarking "upon any new or enlarged ventures in government."

The implications of this program are clear. Mr. Hoover has renounced his own tax-reduction-to-stimulate-business policy of December, 1929. Again, he has warned Congress against increased expenditures although his own budget for 1931-32 envisages greater expenditures than those made in 1929-30 or those anticipated by him for 1930-31. Finally, with all his talk of economy and higher taxes, he has actually based his estimate of a 30 million dollar surplus in 1931-32 on hopes of a return of prosperity. This last is evidenced by his bullish estimates of tariff and internal revenue receipts, from which the government realizes three-fourths of its 4-billion revenue.

Besides estimating greater income tax returns for 1931-32 than he estimates for 1930-31, Mr. Hoover predicts customs and miscellaneous internal revenue receipts for 1931-32 larger than those he predicts for 1930-31—larger, even, than those actually received in 1929-30, when the Treasury benefited from six months of the 1929 prosperity. Whatever increased revenues may be provided by the additional one per cent income tax, his estimated increase of 110 million dollars in tariff receipts would seem to be far too high, barring a marked revival in business.

From all of this it appears that Mr. Hoover has been high-handed, over-optimistic and politically-minded in his use of figures. He has been forced to advocate increased taxes but is unable to offer any convincing assurance that the country will not confront a deficit on June 30, 1932, comparable to that it will face on June 30, 1931.

Wide World

SIR ISAAC ALFRED ISAACS
Chief Justice of Australia appointed Governor General by King George

▶▶*Native Son*

SIR ISAAC ALFRED ISAACS' appointment as the first native-born Governor General of Australia indicates again that the independence of the British dominions is a condition, not merely a theory. Home-bred governor generals became possible when the Imperial Conference of 1926 decided that these officials were to be named by the King on the application of dominion, rather than British, prime ministers.

Between 1926 and 1930 nationalistic Australians came to the conclusion that native-born prime ministers should ask for native-born governor generals. Hence, when the Australian Labor party proclaimed Sir Isaac's availability, J. H. Scullin, Australia's Labor Prime Minister, communicated the news to King George. It is said that the King advised Mr. Scullin to defer discussion of this appointment until he arrived in London to attend the Imperial Conference of 1930. At any rate the adjournment of the conference found Mr. Scullin knocking on the palace door.

King George preferred not to appoint Sir Isaac, and for several reasons. Tradition dictated that governor generals enjoy the monarch's personal acquaintance and the King had never seen or been seen by Sir Isaac. Again, the King was nettled at the thought of naming an Australian rather than an Englishman. Tradition demanded that governor generals be unconnected, if not unacquainted, with dominion politics, and Sir Isaac had been an active member of the Australian Labor party for years. Finally, the King may have felt that Mr. Scullin had acted high-handedly in demanding an appointment without first getting his approval.

Be that as it may, the appointment was made. Some professed to find royal displeasure in the communiqué announcing the appointment and in the London *Times* editorial condemning Mr. Scullin's methods. Others reasoned themselves into believing that the King had cut a dignified figure in yielding to Australia's "obstinacy." To the outside world the moral of the incident may be that even today Britain cannot solve the problem of reconciling empire and freedom, a problem that, as James Truslow Adams has pointed out, is, indeed, as insoluble as that of an irresistible force meeting an immovable obstacle.

▶▶*Wets in the House*

THE House wet bloc was beaten to a frazzle on December 5. During the course of the day, the House defeated wet proposals to reduce appropriations for the customs service, the Coast Guard and the Industrial Alcohol Bureau; to prohibit the Coast Guard from employing its regular allotment in attempts to enforce the dry laws, and to stop the use of poisonous denaturants in industrial alcohol. This last proposal was rejected by a standing vote of 105 to 54.

No one had expected any other outcome. But sixty-two, or one-seventh, of the 435 House members in this short session of the Seventy-First Congress are out and out wets. The next House—the House of the Seventy-Second Congress elected on November 4, 1930, which will hold its first regular session

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in December, 1931—will tell a different story. Then there will be at least 100 wet Congressmen, as ardent drys admit, and perhaps 150, or a third of the total, as ardent wets insist. To gain control of the House, therefore, the wets, in the elections of 1932, must gain at least 68 more seats than they will have in the Congress which meets next year. When and if they do so—good-by to Volsteadism.

For the present they are in a hopeless minority. Their effort to pass a beer bill, like their recent effort to prohibit poisoned alcohol, will come to exactly nothing. Why, then, should such efforts be made? First, to get the drys on record so that they cannot deny their dryness later on. The wets were not strong enough to force roll-call votes on December 5. Next year they will make House members register their convictions publicly on every measure relating to prohibition.

Another reason for the aggressiveness of the wets is that it is high time for a change in wet strategy. Hitherto that strategy has dictated letting the drys have whatever measures they demand, with the idea of giving them enough rope to hang themselves with. Now the wets feel themselves strong enough to challenge all dry measures and even to force the fighting. Until they win a majority of the House, they will of course be soundly licked but don't be discouraged when from time to time you hear that they have been licked again. No one claims that the day of the wets has arrived, though some of us believe that it is not far off.

▸▸*Show's Over*

IF ADDITIONAL PROOF were needed that Russia's treason trial was cooked up for home consumption, the outcome furnished it. Having indicted eight Russian engineers on charges of plotting to overthrow the government, having extracted eight unfaltering—too, too unfaltering—confessions and broadcast these by radio, motion pictures and government newspapers, Soviet Russia carried through and climbed into the headlines of the world with heavy sentences—death to five men and ten years' imprisonment to three others. Thus Judge Vishinski diverted the minds of the Russian masses from their hardships and taught them that the goblins will get them if they traffic with the foreign devils or prove faithless to Communist ideals. A good actor, he occasionally paused, choked and sipped tea while pronouncing the sentences—a dash of realism for good measure.

Nor did the prisoners fail in Russia's hour of need. Not even when plunked before microphones would they retract their confessions. Through thirteen days beneath kleig lights, thirteen nights in jail; in courtrooms cheering at the slightest suggestion of the death penalty, the eight engineers sat stoically, guilt written all over them.

They confessed and confessed, pleading for mercy "in the hope of atoning for our sins," Professor Ramsin, the leader, confessed the best, dragging in

Keystone

CONSOLATION PRIZE
The gold cup presented to Sir Thomas Lipton by Mayor Walker on December 4

names of prominent officials in England and France, even—oops! slight slip—dragging in names of men dead years before he conspired with them. Then came the midnight scene of December 7, with Sitnin, Ochkin and Kuerianoff happy to escape death, and the five others, happy at having eased their sin-burdened souls, marched brusquely toward execution.

What a scene for emotional, mystical Russian peasants! Self-confessed traitors moving to the firing wall, Russia saved from intervention, the majesty of justice, hats off, the International forever. Yet there was another act. Within eighteen hours the Soviet Central Exceutive Committee was commuting the death sentences to ten years' imprisonment, the ten-year terms to imprisonment for eight years, though plainly the eight "traitors" were guilty—guilty of lying unconvincingly.

▸▸*Cup for Sir Thomas*

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has returned to England with his trophy from American admirers and his perennial promise of another try for the America's Cup, this one to be made in 1932. With all due respect to the debonair Britisher, we are not sure but that there is something incongruous about his linking his threat with his acceptance of the 18-inch high, 18-carat gold trophy for which thousands of Americans sentimentally subscribed before the rising tide of unemployment made them hesitant about spending $6,000 for a cup.

It was our ubiquitous Will Rogers who first suggested that Sir Thomas be rewarded with a cup for being the "world's most cheerful loser." At that time common report held that Sir Thomas would make no more sallies after "the old mug." His Shamrock V had bowed on that very day—September 18— to Harold Vanderbilt's Enterprise, a defeat followed by rumors that the next America's Cup challenger was to be built by a British syndicate. Yet Sir Thomas, a bit of a czar in British yachting circles, soon killed these rumors with plans to remodel Shamrock V or build another challenger himself.

If there were any doubts of Sir Thomas' intentions, he set them at rest on accepting the Rogers-inspired trophy from Mayor Walker in New York. "I shall try and try again to lift the America's Cup," he said—enough to show that he could no more be stopped by gifts than by defeats. Sir Thomas' sportsmanship has been frequently proved, but in this instance, virtually refusing to stand aside for another challenger, he may be accused of showing less sportsmanship than obstinacy.

▸▸*Farm Board's Confession*

IN ITS FIRST ANNUAL REPORT to Congress the Federal Farm Board virtually concedes that its attempt to raise and peg wheat prices has failed. The board began buying and selling wheat in spite of Mr. Hoover's flat statement to the special session of Congress called in 1929 to consider farm relief that "no governmental agency should engage in buying and selling and price-fixing of

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products." By June 30, 1930—the end of the period covered in the report—the board owned more than 60 million additional bushels. Nevertheless, the price of this commodity fell from $1.25 a bushel in February to seventy-three cents on November 15.

The outcome on June 30, says the board in its frank but devastating self-indictment, "was not all that had been hoped for. While some contribution was made toward stabilization of wheat prices at no mean cost in various forms, declines in prices of wheat and other agricultural products, while retarded, were not permanently prevented." Experience has taught the board that large quantities of wheat must be purchased to influence the market materially and that this has a "somewhat depressing effect" on prices; that purchases in the cash market are insufficient; that when transactions in the futures market have been started there is no good place to stop, and that sales by the government promptly turn the market downward.

Turning from history to prophecy, the board expresses its "reasoned judgment" that world wheat prices will continue to fall until 1937. It can offer "no hope for arresting such a movement, or preventing its serious consequences to American wheat farmers by cooperative marketing as such, by stabilization of the type already employed, or through adopting any of the proposed measures designed to dispose of the surplus abroad at prices below domestic levels." In a word, then, price-fixing is more or less unwise, while other stabilization operations are more or less inadequate.

As its one and only hope for the farmer the board recommends what has been so often and so vainly recommended before—"curtailment of production, with a view to reducing and possibly eventually eliminating our export supplies, so that the tariff might become effective on American prices."

Another experiment noble in motive turns out to be a flop. It will nevertheless continue, since Mr. Hoover has asked Congress to appropriate 150 millions for the Farm Board, which is presumably 100 millions less than he would have requested had it not been for hard times. The trouble with noble experiments is that it is so hard to stop them.

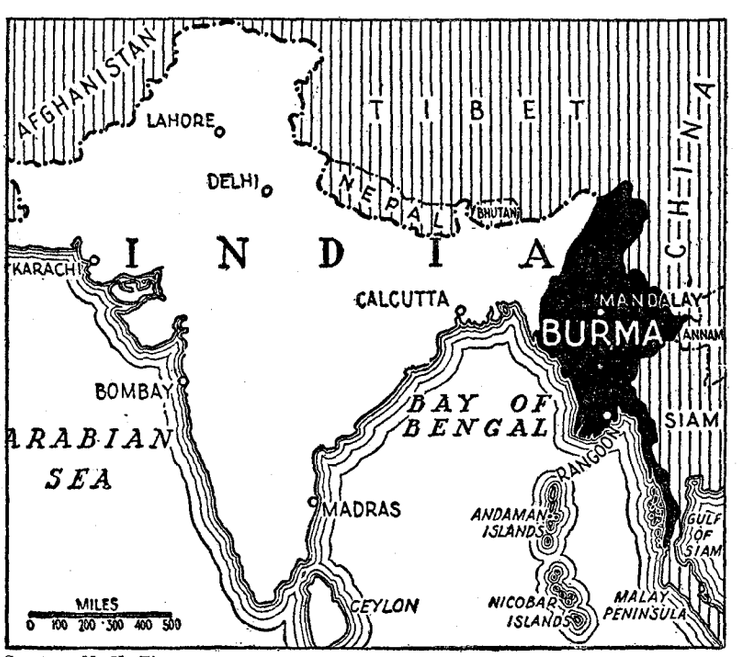
▶▶*Separation of Burma*

PREMIER MACDONALD created joy from Rangoon to Mandalay with his few short sentences on Burma, delivered at the London round table conference on India. Deciding that Burma should be separated from India, as she has ardently desired, Mr. MacDonald merely followed the recommendations of the British government in India and of the British investigating commission headed by Sir John Simon. Yet no one expected that his ruling of December 1 would be so dramatically sudden.

For weeks, delegates at the conferences had been discussing a constitution for India and ignoring the separation plea of Burma, an Indian province six times as large and a fourth as populous as England herself. Noting that the Burmese delegates were becoming restive, U Ba Pe, their chief, forced the issue with an address pointing out that Burma differs from India in language, race and customs. "We feel," he declared, "that, with all these conditions, we are not getting so advanced a form of government as we should have, and in the meantime we find that, as a part of the Indian Empire, our own national status is disappearing altogether." An Indian delegate then asked whether the question of Burma's separation were not still open.

"No," Premier MacDonald answered. "I have looked into it. It is not open." He believed, he said, that Burma's demand was overwhelmingly approved. The delegates confirmed this statement by applauding. The method of separating Burma from India was then left to a committee, whose report is virtually sure to be approved by Parliament.

It is not, however, likely that this move will bring Britain any nearer an answer to the Indian question. Like India, Burma is seeking—and in the end will be satisfied with nothing less than —dominion status. With the separation of Burma, Britain will have two Indias where she now has but one.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

Burma's relation to India

▶▶*Remarque Answered*

"I AM YOUNG, I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow," wrote Erich Maria Remarque in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. "I see how peoples are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. . . . And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world, see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over?"

Herr Remarque soon had his answer. When the screen version of *All Quiet* was shown in Berlin, it caused a storm of denunciation from the press and from veterans' associations as well as organized Fascist rioting. The rioting was not greatly to be wondered at. Most of the Fascists who booed, catcalled,

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threw malodorous bombs and released white mice in the theatre were mere children at the time of the War.

"The generation that has grown up after us," wrote Remarque, "will be strange to us and push us aside."

As for those Germans who did not actually see the War or who have returned to their former occupations and forgotten it, they evidently do not wish to be reminded that the War was finished by frightened, bewildered, hungry and unhappy youngsters just out of school.

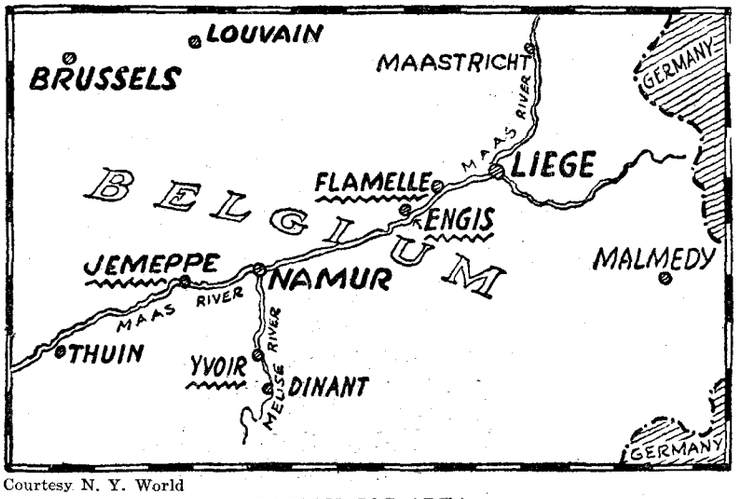
Remarque has written the common German soldier's war story and America has filmed it with commendable fidelity to the book. It is a film which post-war generations should look at thoughtfully, resolving that such horrors must not be repeated. But it is evidently not what post-war Germany wishes to see. Returning to Herr Remarque's question, what jingoistic, uncomprehending members of Germany's older and younger generations evidently expect of ex-soldiers now that the War is over —what some forgetful ex-soldiers even expect of themselves—is that they should polish up their medals, idealize the last war and stand ready to cheer their sons on into the next.

▸▸*Murder Fog*

While Berlin nationalists were protesting against an anti-military film, a gruesome reminder of the late War was spreading terror through nearby Belgium. A thick blanket of fog, settling over the low-lying land along the Meuse River, hung like a noisome plague for three days. When it lifted, villagers were huddled with their cattle inside their sealed houses, hospital wards had taken on the appearance of dressing stations and were treating gasping victims by the hundreds, and there had been about seventy deaths actually reported.

Because death on a large scale from some mysterious source, especially death caused by so involuntary an act as breathing, always has morbid fascination, the entire world speculated upon the poison fog. The widespread belief in Belgium that the fog was caused by poison gas escaped from buried German war material was discounted by physicians who pointed out that deaths occurred only in the cases of elderly persons and those with weak respiratory systems. To which Belgians responded that great numbers of cattle also had died. Other theories were that fumes from nearby zinc factories, combined with the dense fog, which was general at the time all over Western Europe, had brought about fatal results; that the fog contained deadly gas from a dissipated comet; that it had spread malarial germs caused by recent floods; that a new form of influenza had made its appearance, affecting man and beast alike. But these, after all, were only theories.

Meanwhile, when the fog had lifted, the terrified villagers who had fled crept back to their homes and those who had remained unsealed their doors and windows, conscious that there are still many fearsome things under heaven which man can not understand and science can not explain.



Courtesy N. Y. World

POISON FOG AREA

Belgian villages (underlined) in which scores of inhabitants mysteriously lost their lives

▸▸*Davis Sets a Precedent*

"Puddler Jim" Davis has created a precedent. He has realized his ambition of being the first Senator to be seated within a hour after leaving the Cabinet. Naturally this took a good deal of thought and worry, and naturally there were hitches. That's life.

Everything was all planned out when Mr. Davis raised his powerful head from the pillow on the morning of Monday, December 1. He was to resign as Secretary of Labor at eleven o'clock, slip over to his temporary quarters in the Senate Office Building (Office 210, already perfumed with flowers from admirers back home) and hustle down the Senate aisle on the arm of Pennsylvania's senior Senator, Dave Reed. Even if the trip from the Labor office took twenty-five minutes, and the oath five more, there would be a full half hour to spare.

Then Mr. Davis discovered a nasty little plot to keep him from being seated at all. There was Chairman Nye of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures claiming that from 600,000 to "more than a million" dollars had been spent in behalf of the Davis-Brown ticket in Pennsylvania's munificent Republican primary. On Monday, therefore, Mr. Davis kept far away from the Senate, spending the day in conference with Republican leaders and deciding to seek entry on Tuesday.

Mr. Davis left the Labor Department at 11:02 Tuesday morning. He was waiting in a rear seat of the Senate chamber before the gavel sounded, waiting still when the stroke of twelve told him that his resignation from the Cabinet had become effective.

Now for it. Sixty minutes to go. At 12:05 the Senators were squabbling over the Nye resolution against seating Mr. Davis until his expenditures had been investigated in detail. Five minutes had flown by, then ten minutes, then thirty. Could Puddler Jim make it? He could and did. By 12:35 the Senate's squabble was over and Jim was being sworn into office. He had run from Cabinet to Senate in thirty-five minutes.

What a record! What a man!

▸▸*Senate Upsets One*

Unlike "Puddler Jim," the Senate doesn't give a whoop for precedents, not even for its own. In 1922 the Senate laid down its dictum against large campaign funds by rebuking Senator New-

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berry for his outlay of $196,000. A few years ago it barred the door to Frank L. Smith because of his $460,000 expenditure in Illinois, pronouncing this sum excessive and dangerous to the perpetuity of free government. In line with this interpretation of the constitutional provision that "each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members," it also excluded William S. Vare of Pennsylvania, though, like the mornamillion expenditures in behalf of Davis, those of $780,000 in behalf of Vare were really made for the whole ticket.

With this background of precedents, and having evidence of at least $630,000 spent for the Davis-Brown ticket, Senator Nye vainly sought to delay the seating of Mr. Davis until the latter's campaign funds could be fully investigated. The Senate, however, defeated the Nye resolution by a vote of 58 to 27. Thus it implied, confusingly enough, that it was all right to spend mornamillion in Pennsylvania for the ticket headed by Davis, but all wrong to spend less than a million for the ticket headed by Vare; that the expenditures in behalf of Davis were fine and dandy, but that the smaller expenditures in behalf of Smith and Newberry were gross and indefensible.

Obviously, the Senate intends to make its own rules as it goes along. Other factors in these cases may be considered more important than the size of the expenditures. This, we dare say, is nothing to be bothered about. The Senate will probably do substantial justice in the end. The seating of Davis proves that fears lest the Senate run wild with its Vare-Smith precedent were unfounded. Or perhaps in the Davis case the Senate just got discouraged. Having sent a Vare back to Pennsylvania and received first a Grundy and then a Davis in return, it may have decided this time to let well enough alone.

▶▶*The McNinch Appointment*

IN NOMINATING Frank R. McNinch as a member of the Federal Power Commission President Hoover again encountered difficulty in repaying his political debt to North Carolina. The attempt to balance the account started soon after the Old North State's historic vote for Hoover in 1928. First of all, there was Stuart Cramer from Charlotte, Republican cotton-mill princeling, who couldn't quite fit into Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. Then there was Judge Parker, another Republican from Charlotte, whose nomination as a Justice of the Supreme Court was defeated by the Senate last spring after a row over labor and race issues which cost the Republicans dearly in the last elections. In mid-summer Mr. Hoover appeared willing to give a seat on the Tariff Commission to Senator Simmons of North Carolina, who had been defeated for renomination in June because of his bolt to Hoover in 1928. The proud Fernifold McLendel, however, resolutely refused to eat such humble pie.

Like Messrs. Cramer and Parker, Mr. McNinch is a resident of Charlotte. Like Senator Simmons he is an anti-Smith Democrat. And there is the rub. As chairman of North Carolina's 1928 Anti-Smith Committee, working in direct alliance with the Republican campaign committee, Mr. McNinch was notoriously untroubled by poverty. Next door neighbor to the Southern Power Company, he had no trouble carrying his state into Republican ranks for the first time since Reconstruction. In the aftermath of the election the State's Attorney General ruled that Mr. McNinch must report his campaign receipts and expenditures. Supported by Senator Simmons, the power interests' best friend in North Carolina, Mr. McNinch defied the ruling and publicly taunted his foes. The vulnerability of McNinch's appointment was not missed in Washington. The spectacle of a Hoovercrat being offered as a Democratic member of the commission was magnified by the power issue, dramatically presented to the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee by Senator-elect Bailey of North Carolina. "There have been rumors of a rather substantial character for more than two years that at least one power company was in the number of the McNinch contributors," Mr. Bailey wrote. "These rumors have not been denied."

At this writing confirmation of the McNinch appointment is made doubtful by a formidable combination of regular Democrats and utility-wise Republicans. However politically inspired the opposition to Mr. McNinch may be, we fail to see wherein he is especially suited to be a Power Commissioner. We therefore fail to see any reason save a political reason for his appointment to the position.

Remarkable Remarks

Economic depression has served to uncover a wealth of human kindnesses and consideration. — GOVERNOR MORGAN F. LARSON.

Wall Street has never failed in an emergency.—RICHARD WHITNEY.

Almost any man can succeed in spite of poverty.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

If you are a success, every one wants to do you in. And if you are a failure, no one wants you anyway. So there you are.—BELLE LIVINGSTONE.

I believe most positively in my own ideas, right or wrong. — GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

One might think I was going to lay an egg or something.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

Like hash there is more in music than you see on the surface. —"BUGS" BAER.

Marriage in America is a lottery. It should be a science.—DR. MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD.

Somewhere back along the line of march—and not so very far back either—the two words, "marriage" and "sex" got mixed up.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

Falling in love with a girl in a book is perhaps the safest way of falling in love. There are no complications.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

▶▶*Alien Representation*

DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON of the Methodist Board of Temperance applauds the movement to defeat the new apportionment of representation in the lower house of Congress. Reluctantly granted by Congress in 1929 on the basis of the 1930 census, this apportionment will go into effect automatically unless changed by Congress before March 4, 1931. The thought spells sorrow to the twenty-one states scheduled to lose twenty-seven seats. It spells deep sorrow to Dr. Wilson, who stands aghast at a vision of eighteen additional seats being granted to industrial sections of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan and California.

The good doctor therefore drags out the musty old project of excluding all unnaturalized aliens from the population upon which the apportionment is based. Since most of the nation's seven and a half million unnaturalized aliens have their being in fast-growing, wet industrial states, this project would nullify population gains of the past two decades and prevent the wets from mak-

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ing congressional and electoral gains in the elections of 1932.

Two stone walls confront Dr. Wilson's plan "of reapportionment based upon the dignity of American citizenship." The first is the constitutional provision that representation shall be based upon "the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed." The second is the very practical fact that Southern and Western proposals to exclude aliens have been complicated by Northern threats to exclude disfranchised Southern Negroes.

Does Dr. Wilson overlook these two obstacles? Not at all. He is content to bemoan the latter while he warms up to hurdle the former. If his plan is blocked by the constitution, he says in effect, then let's amend the constitution. And that, dear readers, will be today's lesson on the extremes to which ardent drys will go to maintain their stranglehold on America.

▸▸*In Brief*

"Is an intelligent weakling of any more benefit to the race than a strong exponent of physical prowess who may not be of large mental attainments?"—Chris Cagle, in last week's Outlook. Is Einstein, Mr. Cagle, of any more benefit to the race than Primo Carnera? . . . . What is tact but the ability to do the right thing at the right time? What was it, therefore, but tact when, after the expulsion of Judge Lindsey, Bishop Manning asked his congregation to sing "Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might?" . . . . It may be a bit confusing, but Dr. Ira Landrith of Chicago, who so intemperately denounces wets as traitors, a greater menace than open rebellion and more unscrupulous than racketeers and gunmen, is president of the National Temperance Council. . . . . Storm warning: Secretary of Commerce Lamont declares that "we have already weathered the worst of the storm and signs of stability and recovery are already appearing." . . . We had never believed charges of the degeneracy of our times until we read a solemn assurance that fifteen-year-old Marian E. Syndergaard, winner of the national Health Club contest, does not smoke cigarettes and has never been to a night club. In our own youth, all that fifteen-year-old girls knew of cigarettes and night clubs was that the former gave you consumption and that the latter were carried by members of the police force.

Mr. Micawbers in Washington

An Editorial

The difference in men's minds between the emergencies of war and the emergencies of peace has never been better exemplified than by the present manner in which Congress and Mr. Hoover are dealing with financial relief for unemployment. On all sides it is admitted that the poverty, hunger and despair of unemployment constitute a national emergency. War on unemployment has been declared just as clearly as if war had been declared on a foreign nation. The cause of this war is the depression. And the duration of the depression, like the duration of a war, although the subject of prophecies by experts, cannot be safely predicted. We are, therefore, in this war up to our necks. Furthermore, we propose to win the contest if it takes all this winter, and the next winter, and the winter after that. In every city and county, outside Washington, this determination is visible in the form of citizens' committees and state and municipal aid. America's unemployed shall be taken care of.

In this emergency, with war declared and Congress in session, Mr. Hoover first of all considers the peace time budget of the government and, stressing the proper need for economy in all departments, points out that there is going to be a deficit—a deficit which upon examination threatens to be much larger than Mr. Hoover's figures indicate. Having laid this groundwork, Mr. Hoover then takes up the war on unemployment and asks at once for $150,000,000 to be spent on federal construction work already authorized. Congress, dismayed by the budget figures, and knowing that men who raise taxes are unpopular, first argues about who shall spend this money and where. Whereupon it proceeds to discuss deficits, increased taxes, means of making money through tariffs, regular supply bills and extra sessions; and ends by confusing itself to the point where it talks about curing the cause of the war—the depression—and not the war itself at all; i.e. the war on unemployment. At which point, Mr. Hoover asks for $150,000,000 more for the discredited Farm Board.

In the name of commonsense, where is the much vaunted leadership and practical brains of America? Wars are not won, first, by consideration of deficits and bitter recriminations. Wars are won, first, by decisive, bold actions. Secondly, by comprehensive plans for long sustained offensives. Thirdly, by rousing public opinion to the danger confronting the nation, and by rallying the citizenship to the plan decided upon. What is that plan in this case? One hundred and fifty million dollars? Well and good, as a curtain raiser. As a gesture of defiance to the enemy. But what is the plan of campaign for the whole war? A General Micawber, perhaps, might wait for something to turn up. But who knows if unemployment will be over in the spring? Nobody.

Americans are long-suffering. But they do not condone shortsightedness or lack of vision. They do not admire and will not support "hitting soft." The unemployed are on our sidewalks. Winter undoubtedly will see their number vastly increased. Time is the essence of the business. A man who is hungry cannot wait a month to eat. He must have work or charity at once, in order to secure food. If he is to secure work and not charity he must have a determined, sympathetic, hard-hitting champion; either in the White House or in Congress; and this champion must strike at once and strike hard.

A billion dollars may not be too large an appropriation for this war against unemployment. Taxes or prosperity have nothing to do with it. Emergency deficits can be funded so that they are paid off in times of prosperity ahead. Present unemployment is the war we are concerned with. Depression is an economic matter, not to be cured by government in the shape of Farm Boards, or any other board. But unemployment calls for an unemployment board like the War Industries Board, composed of men of like stature, brains and power, called together by the President. It calls for a billion dollars to be spent if necessary by this board, on a definite, far-reaching plan of cooperation with local communities—state, town or city—that will provide leadership everywhere and stimulate each locality to help itself, with full and equal financial help from Washington until the emergency is passed.

This first $150,000,000? Of course. But wars are not won by soft-pedalling. Enterprises do not succeed by pallia-

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tives, confusion and the hopes of Mr. Micawbers. What is to be thought of a nation whose leaders will spend seventeen billion dollars to make the world safe for democracy, but who will appropriate only one hundred and fifty million dollars for work for the unemployed of that nation?

The country demands clear leadership, and it proposes to get it.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE NOTE that "Puddler Jim" Davis played out his rôle as the Capital's most amusing public figure to the very moment that he became the latest and unluckiest Senator from that curious and comical Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. For a decade now Mr. Davis has been the butt and the source of jokes and jests because of the seriousness with which he took himself and his Cabinet post, and the silly efforts which he made to be a good fellow with everybody. Nobody, however, anticipated that he could outdo past performances, or that all ancient antics would be climaxed by the spectacle which he gave us in quitting a downtown department for a seat in the Senate. We did not think even Mr. Davis to be capable of such a dramatic exit and entrance. Washington owes him a deep debt for the gorgeous farce with which he regaled us.

We disagree with those who hold it against him, even though President Hoover may be among the number. We understand that when he was only a little boy in Wales, his father warned him never to give up one job until he had his hands on another. Thus it was out of respect for this thrifty sentiment that President Hoover, after Cabinet meeting one Friday morning, smiled an affirmative to the strange request presented by his Secretary of Labor. Although "Jim" had submitted his formal resignation a few moments earlier, he petitioned the President not to accept it until he had taken his Senate seat. Mr. Hoover, to his credit, granted this plea with no misgivings.

So Mr. Davis rode to the Senate on Monday morning in the shiny limousine provided him as a Cabinet member. On Capitol Hill, however, he learned that the Nye Committee had been strangely informed at the last moment of additional election expenditures on his behalf, and that it would formally oppose any immediate effort to seat him. Instead of braving the wrath of a discredited committee, the panicky "Puddler" rushed back in his Cabinet car to the desk which he had occupied for ten years as Secretary of Labor. He had given the finest and funniest years of his life to that job, and, if permitted, he would die there. It mattered not that in the morning he had sponsored and staged the swearing-in of his successor,

Chicago Daily News

A tough job for a cripple

the Honorable William N. Doak. That performance, it was discovered upon Mr. Davis's return from the Senate, had been just another of "Jim's" jokes. It was simply a scene designed to furnish a story and photographs of Mr. Davis —and his successor, too—to the press. "Jim," it appears, had seen to it that the official oath was not administered, even though one enterprising press association correspondent trusted Mr. Davis so implicitly that he sent out a serious story of the ceremony to more than 1,200 newspapers. Good-natured "Jim," as always, patted the boy on the back, and commiserated with him over his hard luck. He explained that, out of respect for his dear old dad, he was not giving up one job until he had his hands on another.

About this time, however, other correspondents learned the nature of the jest from the lips of Mr. Doak himself. "Hell, no," that grim gentleman is said to have replied when questioned about his status, "I am not the Secretary of Labor—yet." So the press, including the journalist whom "Jimmie" had patted on the back, descended upon George Akerson, Secretary to the President, and placed their plight—and Doak's—before that obliging member of the Secretariat.

George, we hear, stepped across the threshold into Mr. Hoover's office, where he remained for ten minutes or more. Upon his forthcoming, we are told, he informed the correspondents that Mr. Davis would be a former Cabinet member on the morrow, no matter what action the Senate took on his credentials. There are, we regret, rumors that Mr. Akerson's recital of these melodramatic manoeuvres led the President to telephone Mr. Davis to break their joint agreement anent parental precepts. We cannot vouch for this, but we think it significant that on the morrow promised by Akerson the Pennsylvanian submitted himself to be sworn—and sworn at.

We fear Mr. Davis will find it difficult to live down the incident, even though we entertain great respect for his unawareness to his audience's reactions. Indeed, in his first statement he revealed that he is in no way conscious of what his peers are thinking about him.

"Pennsylvania now has its full complement of Senators," Mr. Davis proclaimed, to the wonderment of his colleague, David Aiken Reed, and to the dismay of ex-Senator Joseph R. Grundy. Does not Mr. Davis know that Mr. Reed has always deemed himself the equal of two Senators, and therefore a "full complement" in himself? And has he forgotten the distinguished services rendered by "Uncle Joe" during his brief sojourn at the Capital? Or was he slamming Mr. Grundy for the latter's reputed part in tipping off the Nye Committee about the additional Davis expenditures? It matters not. What playful fellows these Pennsylvania statesmen be!

A. F. C.

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A Letter to Hollywood

In Reply to a Missive from a Producer

By CREIGHTON PEET

DEAR Mr. Laemmle: You ask whether we think the motion picture creators are presenting entertainment "as sophisticated as the public expects," and mention particularly *All Quiet on the Western Front* which you say "upset all your oldest traditions." By this we presume you mean that it was honest realism and had no romance and yet was a commercial success.

My only means of answering this and all the other really very pertinent points in your letter is to give my own personal version of the general chorus, "what's wrong with the movies," with particular reference to the present serious depression in that industry—a depression which I believe goes deeper than the general economic situation. First of all you speak of "the public" as one unit, whose taste may change from time to time, but all of whose members are of a single mind at any one time.

I believe that from now on it is going to be increasingly difficult to sell "just movies." You people in Hollywood have had too easy a time. You have never really considered your "public" as, for instance, a shoe manufacturer must consider his customers. He makes different sizes of shoes for different people. He does not affront a man wearing size seven by offering him size nine and then saying, "Oh, but *most* people wear size nine. It's the *average* size, and it's cheaper to make only one size. How dare you have feet that won't fit my shoes? You're a highbrow—and aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

I realize that this is not in accordance with Hollywood's ideas of the best Ford principles of cheap mass production—but speaking of Ford, you might recall that he now makes a good many more models, different cars for different tastes and uses.

I also realize that in the past Hollywood has prided itself on the fact that "everybody" went to the movies. This was not true. Everybody didn't go to the movies. A good many millions of people, bored to death by one or two visits a year, were hardly to be counted as cash customers at all. No other business has been so high-handed. No other business has so ignored possible customers.

Of course it has been easier to make simply "product-movies." The whole idea has been that as the mob was able to pay the greatest number of admissions, it was the only audience worth considering. To make this one grade of films you evolved a few simple formulas, which now seem to be meeting with less and less enthusiasm.

The present trouble seems to be that your audience is changing. The talkies have brought in more adults—many of whom have never been patrons before—because, for the first time, you have been making a few pictures for this grown-up audience. These films were "accidental," or perhaps I should say incidental, but they brought in the new patrons anyway.

The good old reliable movie audience, with its solid phalanxes of stolid, blank faces, is no more. The dull faces are there all right, but they are not so happy and their attendance is not so regular. Incredible as it may seem the movie is getting *too good* for its old customers, while at the same time it is rarely good enough to satisfy the new audiences towards which it is aimed. The industry is, at present, so to speak, out of focus. The stage plays you are reproducing on the screen are too complicated for the simplest of the simple-minded, and not entirely right for the slightly superior audiences of the present day.

Now please do not be alarmed and run away at the mere mention of a

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Editor, the Outlook

Dear Sir:

Realizing that as a critic of numerous plays and photoplays you gain a clear insight into "public taste" in plays, as President of the Universal Pictures Corporation I intrude upon your busy day to ask your consideration of an important and unusual matter. In producing motion pictures we must depend entirely upon the principle of pleasing the public. Our medium is international but our foremost consideration must be, first and last, the American public.

American life is changing. Public taste is changing and I candidly believe the film industry has reached somewhat of an impasse. The success of my own picture "All Quiet on the Western Front" has upset all of our oldest traditions. But, it is a much disputed question whether "All Quiet on the Western Front" is an isolated example or whether it really establishes a new production principle.

Does it indicate that the American public has grown more mature and more sophisticated in its taste than we have in motion picture production? This question brings me to you for advice. From your unbiased critic's seat you gain a broad perspective of this audience we serve; you are able to feel the "pulse beat" of the public far better than we may hope to. You are informed on American "taste" and can be a great help to the motion picture industry in suggesting a route toward satisfying the public "appetite" for entertainment.

Can you give me an analysis of present day American "taste" and entertainment "appetite"? Will you be kind enough to give me your views on the procedure the American film industry should pursue to give the American public more of what it wants? . . . .

Where do producers fail to meet the demands of the vast daily theatre audience? How can the industry make motion pictures more useful to the American public as a form of public utility? Are we wrong in the choice of our stories or, possibly, in the manner of making and presenting them? What do we do that occasionally strikes a wrong key?

Whatever advice you give me will be an important contribution toward the solution of our readjustment to the rapidly changing standards of the American nation.

Cordially yours,

CARL LAEMMLE

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"superior" audience, because I do not mean that it is an entirely different group of people. This "new audience" includes a great majority of the old customers—*but they are coming to the theatres with a different attitude.* Why?

Well, in the old days people went to the movies to get out of the rain, to sleep, to make love, or even just to kill time. Frankly, Mr. Laemmle, box office receipts may have been high, but the stars and directors could hardly feel much of the craftsman's pride in most of these successes. People often "went to the movies" not because they really enjoyed themselves, but because they had nothing else to do. It was dark, warm (or cool) and there was pretty music. The decorations, appalling to any one of taste, were bright and showy and gave this population a pleasant if temporary feeling of grandeur. Today, of course, these physical comforts remain, but you actually have to pay attention to what is going on in the theatre. Musical sounds are stimulating but abstract; dialogue catches the ear instantly and grips the attention, or if the customer doesn't understand either dialogue or English or both, he is bored and takes up checkers, ping pong or needled beer. In fact, an audience has to pay so much attention to a sound film that if the dialogue is carelessly done or even just plain "routine" it calls attention to itself far more emphatically than any silent picture ever did. Again I say that you people in Hollywood have had too easy a time of it. Your audiences have seldom taken the movies seriously, and yet they have come to the box office in increasing numbers. Your audiences have come because they had the movie habit, because admissions were low, because the houses were conveniently located and because they didn't have to buy seats in advance. Young girls got (and will continue to get) crushes on such

United Artists

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART—1920

Thomas Meighan and Mary Pickford ("M'liss") in a sweet and simple movie of the days when curls and woolen underwear were in vogue

idols as Wally Reid, Valentino and Buddy Rogers, and for a couple of years wrote fan mail. Then they grew up and learned better.

Now to return to this "new audience," which is largely made up of the old audience. It is going to see particular films. It wants *entertainment,* not simply a time-killer. If you get into the wrong theatre these days you suffer. You are miserable, for you *must* pay attention to the words and story. The dialogue reaches out from the screen and shakes you by the scruff of the neck. If the talk is good (as in *Holiday* or *Laughter*) one kind of audience will be delighted and bless the movies as a grand idea. If your show has comic strip humor (such as that in *The Cock-Eyed World*) an entirely different audience will be pleased. If you want to keep your audiences contented—and I believe that cash from contented customers is the most valuable kind to a business concern—be sure that they know what sort of picture they are getting into. If the picture is "highbrow," appeal to the highbrows and don't think it is necessary to paste a large poster of two persons in a clinch outside the theatre if the film is not a love story. Yes, Mr. Laemmle, even sex can become monotonous. I believe you will find that some of our better-bred people prefer a "subtle" romance of the Nancy Carroll type to the effusions of, say, Clara Bow.

Now there is another audience, truly a new movie audience, made up of the millions of people throughout the country who were left without entertainment of any sort when the road shows and stock companies were driven away by the mob movie. They have gone occasionally to the films, been discouraged, and stayed away. They were never movie fans. They never wrote fan letters. People whose time is worth anything don't write just "fan" letters. They may write to newspapers or magazines offering further information or critical comment on some subject, but they don't write in to say "I think So-and-so is a lovely sweet actress and I want to see more of her."

In the past the industry has scorned these people as hopeless, useless "highbrows" incapable of meaning anything at the box office. At present some sort of divine justice is in operation. The industry which so proudly and triumphantly demonstrated year after year that it

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART—1930

Our Mary never sipped Martinis at a Paris bar or made passes at married men as Garbo does in "Inspiration," her next film shortly to be released

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The Power Issue Emerges

Public vs. *Private Operation—A Battleground for 1932?*

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

One of the dominant issues in American politics today is whether our electric power projects shall be operated by private interests or by the government. In the coming session of Congress the battle will come on Muscle Shoals, and out of this struggle may come one of the great national issues for the Presidential campaign of 1932. As a prelude to discussion of all phases of this problem, the Outlook publishes here a general article on the power issue, by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

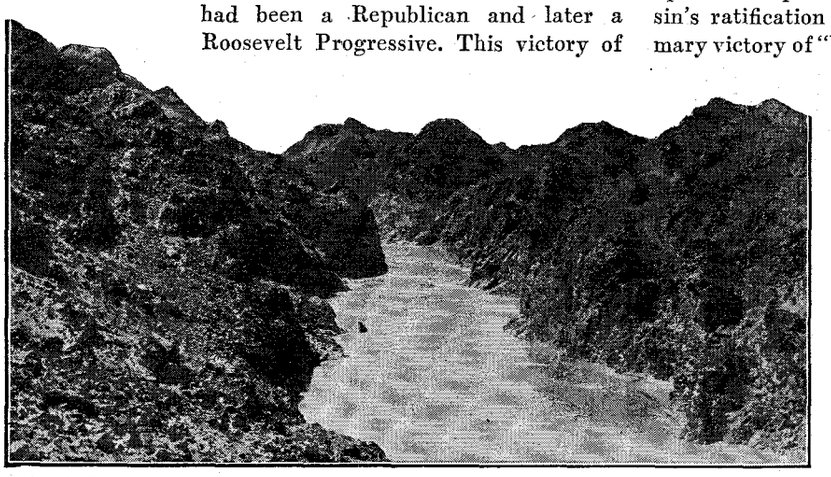
WHEN the smoke of battle cleared from the State and Congressional campaigns this fall, and all the casualties had been counted, political experts in Washington and elsewhere suddenly discovered that a full-sized and potent power issue was abroad in the land. It is a major development in American politics. For the last half dozen years a few scattered "agitators" had been hammering away at this so-called power issue. The designation of the electric utilities as the "Power Trust" had begun to appear, and Governor Smith sought to make control of these utilities an issue in the 1928 presidential campaign.

But until the campaign just ended, all this apparently failed to stir the voters very much. Undoubtedly most of them had vague ideas, if any at all, as to just what the asserted menace was. The well-known power of prosperity to obscure economic issues had been working too effectively. Therefore, when this year's campaigns rolled around most politicians and political experts held the power question to be as lacking in vitality as it was in 1928. The elections told a different story. This disregarded issue, the political sharps have discovered, has come into lusty life. In half a dozen states, they find, it wrecked political alignments as extensively as did prohibition. In more than a dozen commonwealths, they now discover, it brought victory to candidates who took anti-power stands—and some of these victories were major surprises. In fact, as a whole, the power interests are found to have been defeated and disturbed from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf. Most of the victories were won in under-financed and under-organized campaigns against candidates with well-filled war chests.

The advance of the anti-power groups was most marked on the Pacific Coast. In Oregon they won a notable twofold victory. Here the voters not only elected a non-political anti-power independent as governor over both regular party nominees, but they also amended the Constitution to permit public production and distribution of power through extensive regional agencies. In neighboring Washington the people, by referendum, approved a bill to permit the same development. Hitherto, public power projects have been generally limited by law to serving only single municipalities—now there is talk of these two states joining to develop and distribute the Columbia River power on a state-wide scale. In Colorado, the voters leaped party lines to send to the Senate as an anti-power Democrat a man who had been a Republican and later a Roosevelt Progressive. This victory of Edward P. Costigan over the Republican nominee, attorney for a big power holding company, was one of the major surprises of the Senatorial elections. In Nebraska, Progressive Democrats joined with Progressive Republicans to return that outstanding advocate of public power development, Senator George W. Norris. Despite spectacular efforts to defeat him, in which persons high in the power industry joined, Norris won a sweeping victory.

In the First Tennessee District, B. Carroll Reece, veteran Republican Representative, was defeated by O. B. Lovette, an anti-power independent Republican who entered the campaign only a couple of weeks before election. Reece's defeat was notable; he was the only House candidate to receive President Hoover's personal indorsement, and he received it, the President said, for blocking a vote on the Norris Muscle Shoals bill. In Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, veteran foe of the power interests, was elected in a campaign where party lines were disregarded by both Republican and Democratic leaders. In New York Governor Roosevelt's unprecedented majority was in part an indorsement of public development of St. Lawrence River hydro-power. Wilbur L. Cross, Democratic governor-elect in Connecticut, proclaimed his surprising victory a popular blow at the Republican hook-up between politics and power. Wisconsin's ratification of the unexpected primary victory of "Young Phil" La Follette over Governor Kohler is expected to lead to state hydro-power development on the Oregon-Washington plan.

Massachusetts elected a Democratic governor who advocated improved means to permit acquisition by cities of power companies charging excessive rates. Ohio voted its approval when the Democrats'



Ewing Galloway

The site selected for the construction of Boulder Dam

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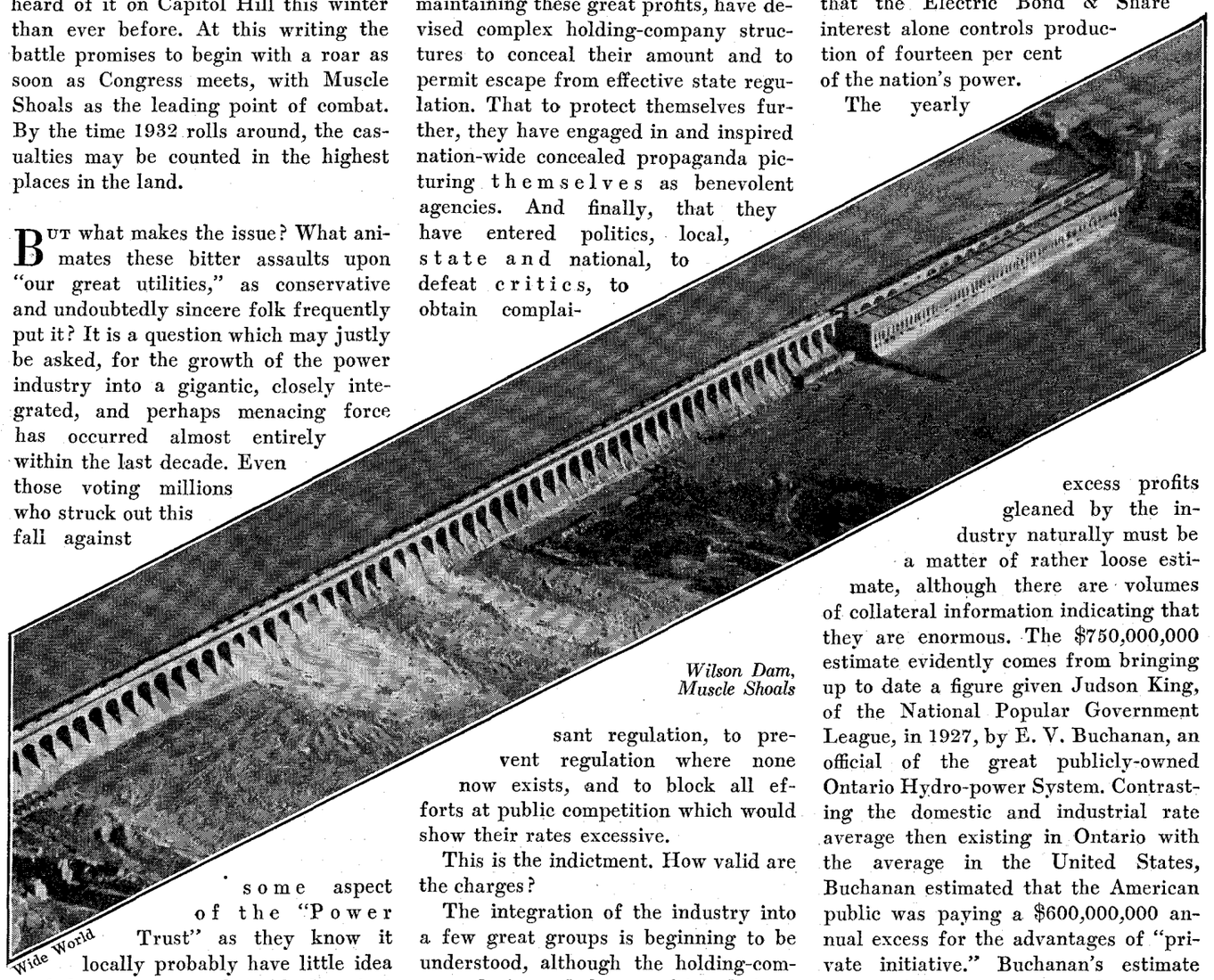
gubernatorial candidate attacked the state Public Utilities Commission for favoritism to power companies. West Virginians elected a Democratic House after Democratic candidates had generally advanced the same charges. Alabama elected John H. Bankhead to the Senate after he attacked Senator Heflin's power trust bias and came out for public development of Muscle Shoals. Montana returned Senator Walsh, who initiated the Federal Trade Commission investigation of the power industry—and the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations registered another tally against itself.

There is no doubt of it, the power issue has arrived. Much more will be heard of it on Capitol Hill this winter than ever before. At this writing the battle promises to begin with a roar as soon as Congress meets, with Muscle Shoals as the leading point of combat. By the time 1932 rolls around, the casualties may be counted in the highest places in the land.

BUT what makes the issue? What animates these bitter assaults upon "our great utilities," as conservative and undoubtedly sincere folk frequently put it? It is a question which may justly be asked, for the growth of the power industry into a gigantic, closely integrated, and perhaps menacing force has occurred almost entirely within the last decade. Even those voting millions who struck out this fall against some aspect of the "Power Trust" as they know it locally probably have little idea of the charges now being laid against this industry as a whole.



Wide World

Wilson Dam, Muscle Shoals

The description of the issue has been phrased in different ways, but it may all be summarized in a paragraph or two. Briefly, the indictment against the industry reads as follows:

That the modern American power industry, created through the physical hook-up of local steam and waterpower plants and large central generating projects, has come into the hands of great corporate combinations, frequently controlling distribution in whole groups of states under one central management. That the operating economies arising from this pooling of power resources, from new inventions and from increased demand, have created a profit income running as high as $750,000,000 a year above the returns properly allowable to public service agencies existing under monopoly privileges.

That these corporate groups, held together by a community of interest in maintaining these great profits, have devised complex holding-company structures to conceal their amount and to permit escape from effective state regulation. That to protect themselves further, they have engaged in and inspired nation-wide concealed propaganda picturing themselves as benevolent agencies. And finally, that they have entered politics, local, state and national, to defeat critics, to obtain complaisant regulation, to prevent regulation where none now exists, and to block all efforts at public competition which would show their rates excessive.

This is the indictment. How valid are the charges?

The integration of the industry into a few great groups is beginning to be understood, although the holding-company device and the use of interlocking directorates often conceals its extent. As far back as 1927, Gifford Pinchot showed that forty-one big holding companies controlled the generation of eighty-two per cent of all American power and served eighty-three per cent of the country's electricity-using populace. He showed further that twenty-three of these forty-one big companies were dominated, through their directorates, by only six super-controlling interests. These he described as the General Electric-Electric Bond & Share, the Insull, the Morgan, the Mellon, the Byllesby and the Henry L. Doherty groups. These six groups, he found, also exercised a joint control, varying in the specific instances, over twelve more of the forty-one big companies.

THE picture has changed rapidly since then, but always in the direction of greater consolidation. The Federal Trade Commission inquiry has shown that the Electric Bond & Share interest alone controls production of fourteen per cent of the nation's power.

The yearly excess profits gleaned by the industry naturally must be a matter of rather loose estimate, although there are volumes of collateral information indicating that they are enormous. The $750,000,000 estimate evidently comes from bringing up to date a figure given Judson King, of the National Popular Government League, in 1927, by E. V. Buchanan, an official of the great publicly-owned Ontario Hydro-power System. Contrasting the domestic and industrial rate average then existing in Ontario with the average in the United States, Buchanan estimated that the American public was paying a $600,000,000 annual excess for the advantages of "private initiative." Buchanan's estimate was carried in newspaper and magazine articles written by King and was cited by Senator Norris in arguing for public development of Muscle Shoals.

The most recent and unquestioned facts are that the Ontario project, serving more than 350 cities, towns and vil-

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lages, and comprising the greatest single power enterprise in the world, in 1928 had an average kilowatt rate for all services of less than one cent. The American average for that year, as given by the National Electric Light Association, was 2.64 cents. Multiplying the Ontario rate—.95 of a cent, to be exact—by the American sales, shows that America's total bill at the Canadian rate would have been some $656,000,000, instead of the $1,801,000,000 reported.

This shows the American industry levying an "excess charge" of $1,144,000,000 instead of the $750,000,000 claimed by anti-power spokesmen. The Ontario project pays no taxes, of course, but the American industry could pay close to four hundred millions in taxes, on the basis of these figures, and still have left the asserted excess profits.

The defense is made by the power interests that Ontario develops her power from Niagara Falls and other waterpowers, where costs are lower. In reply, the anti-power people assert that forty per cent of all American power is now water-generated; that the cost in even the older steam plants is only from four to six mills a kilowatt higher; and that the power men themselves now hold that modern steam-plant generation is as cheap or cheaper than hydropower.

WHETHER these "excess profits" from presumably limited monopolies are seven hundred millions or a billion, there seems to be ample evidence that the American industry is at least extremely secretive. While the Insull group fights the Morgan group for territory, while the Byllesby group competes with the Electric Bond & Share group to absorb remaining independent companies, they all get together for propaganda and lobbying purposes in such organizations as the National Electric Light Association and the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations. It is the Electric Light Association which coordinated and fathered the twenty-eight state propaganda agencies whose subsidizing of teachers, authors, press services, women's clubs, men's clubs and many other ostensibly free organizations was revealed by the Federal Trade Commission. George F. Oxley, publicity director of this association, asserted that the propaganda agencies "used everything but sky-writing" to put over the impression of the power industry they desired. M. H. Aylesworth, when managing director of the same association, told a regional group of the society not to consider the expense of meetings to formulate propaganda plans. "The public pays the expense," Mr. Aylesworth explained. In other words, all the millions spent on propaganda went into "operating costs," and the industry claimed its "fair return" in rates after those costs were met. A volume could be written on this propaganda—the Trade Commission report, in fact, fills a dozen volumes. But the story must still be fresh in the public mind. Much could be written also of the lobbying activities of the "Joint Committee" against the Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam bills and the Walsh resolution which led to the Trade Commission inquiry. But this is also common knowledge.

The Trade Commission has completed its propaganda inquiry and is now digging deep into the financial aspect of the great holding companies and their underlying corporations. Holding company has been piled on holding company until sometimes the controlling interest is nine companies removed from the operating corporation. In this pyramiding of corporate structures amazing things have likewise happened to the values set upon the power properties. For example:

The Southeastern Power and Light Company, a holding concern, took over certain southern power companies by buying their stocks for $5,474,000. It then incorporated a new company in Maine, styled the Southern Power Securities Corporation, to which it assigned the original stocks. The second company placed a value on these stocks of $32,372,000 and turned its own securities, to this sixfold amount, back to the original holding concern.

By similar means, five companies in the American Light and Power System had the value of their properties increased from $55,000,000 to $123,000,000. Properties of the Louisiana Power and Light Company were increased in claimed value on its formation from $9,190,000 to $19,267,000. Those of the Mississippi Power and Light Company jumped in "value" almost overnight from $9,726,000 to $20,441,000. Certain securities of the Electric Power and Light Corporation, in the process of being shifted about among various subsidiaries of the Electric Bond & Share Company, leaped in assigned value from $3,854,000 to $33,373,000.

The power industry calls this process a "write-up." The Federal Trade Commission calls it inflation. The anti-power people call it a means of covering up the industry's enormous profits, and of skimming off the cream, while the skimming is good, by selling these inflated securities to the general public. No one knows how much of this inflation there is. But when the Trade Commission, on October 2, had gone through the records of six Electric Bond & Share subsidiary holding companies, it had found nearly $324,000,000 of this "water."

IN the alleged excess profits of a theoretically regulated monopoly there is obviously a sufficient stake to induce strong political activity in protecting and perpetuating them. What are the facts regarding political activities of the power industry? Some of them are well known, more have received very little general publicity, and some of the most significant are practically unrealized at all. Efforts of the industry to block public development of Muscle Shoals on the Ontario plan—the ten-year objective of Senator Norris—have been amply ventilated. So have its efforts to prevent public power development at Boulder Dam, although here it failed. Less widely known are the strenuous attempts it has made, in scores of cities and even small towns, either to acquire existing municipal plants or to prevent any municipal power development. In Watertown, New York; in Allegan, Michigan; in Danville, Virginia; in Crisp County, Georgia; in towns and cities in every section of the country, citizens have fought bitter legal and political battles with the industry in attempts to hold or develop their own facilities.

A typical example: Crisp County, in Georgia, sought to revive community prosperity by developing its own hydroelectric power. It put its plant in operation on August 1 of this year, after a seven-year legal and political fight, with a rate schedule ten per cent below that of the Georgia Power Company, which serves the whole state. The company promptly cut its own rates in the county by 35 per cent. The state Public Service Commission ordered the company to show cause why it should not make the same cut state-wide. The company said this would bankrupt it, but instead of seeking to prove this before the commission, it got an injunction to prevent the commission from finding out. The case is now in the courts. But the county plant is still operating, and at the end of three months' experience reported revenue sufficient from a tenth of its potential capacity to cover operation, interest

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The Future of Prohibition

By CHARLES MERZ

In the concluding chapter of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz discusses the four alternatives to the impasse created at the end of 1930 by the difficulty of compelling the states to aid the federal government in the enforcement of national prohibition and makes an estimate of the essential factors which will determine the decision of the future.

WIDESPREAD disregard of the law, indifference in the state legislatures and unwillingness on the part of the federal government to accept the entire burden of enforcement: these were the decisive factors at the end of 1930. Where the law was liked, it was obeyed. Where it was not liked, there was nothing to enforce it except the same familiar sequence of ineffective drives, of ultimatums with no force behind them, of mobilizations and remobilizations of a small staff in a few strategic spots, of padlocks picked after the key was turned and of light fines in the courts on bargain days.

There was no good reason to suppose that this program of enforcement could succeed in reaching its objective unless some fundamental factor in the situation changed: unless a larger part of the public began willingly to obey the law, or unless the states accepted a new view of their responsibilities, or unless the federal government multiplied its own investment in the cause of national prohibition.

Without a change in one or another of these fundamental factors, the scope of the existing program of enforcement was definitely limited. A new Commissioner of Prohibition could reasonably hope to accomplish certain reforms in the administration of the law by his own agents. He could reasonably hope for more success than his predecessors had achieved, in persuading his agents to remain within the law and to avoid sensational methods. What he could not reasonably hope to do was to shut off the sources of illegal liquor with any machinery which Congress had provided for that purpose.

This much was frankly and explicitly acknowledged at the end of 1930 by officials in a position to speak for the federal government. When Assistant Attorney General Youngquist stated that "the magnitude of the task" made the existing program of enforcement "pitifully inadequate" to achieve its goal[1], he definitely dismissed the theory that the law could be enforced by a series of patient blunders into some ingenious and inexpensive solution of a stubborn problem. When Attorney General Mitchell declared that under existing conditions the question of how much enforcement each community would have was largely "a matter of choice with the states" themselves[2], he summarized the unmistakable results of ten years' effort. When the Prohibition Bureau insisted that without effective state assistance "the burden put upon the federal enforcement machinery is too heavy[3]," it brought to a sober and matter-of-fact denouement the era of resplendent promises inaugurated by Major Haynes in 1923 when he pronounced the law triumphant over all its problems and described the success of the Prohibition Bureau as "nothing short of marvelous[4]."

The day of miracles was over. Whatever else was possible at the end of 1930, it was not possible to believe, on the basis either of ten years' experience or of any future which responsible officials now ventured to predict, that the Prohibition Bureau could succeed in lifting itself to the top of a long hill by a series of short tugs on its own bootstraps.

AT THE end of 1930, four possible alternatives to the existing situation had been proposed. These alternatives were (1) willing compliance with the law on the part of enough people to reduce the problem of enforcement to manageable terms; (2) a realistic effort to enforce the law in the face of whatever opposition it encountered; (3) an effort to modify the law by some change in the Volstead Act; (4) repeal of the law and restoration of the problem to the states.

Because these alternatives existed, it did not follow that any one of them would necessarily be chosen by the American public within a reasonable period of years. There were formidable difficulties inherent in all four alternatives, from the enlistment of willing compliance at one end to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment at the other. Unquestionably the easiest policy was drift. The course of this experiment had not changed substantially in a decade. Any change in its progress now required a reconciliation of conflicting views and a bold effort to overcome inertia.

What possibilities lay ahead, which one of these alternatives the American people would ultimately choose, if, indeed, they should choose any, could not be foreseen at the end of 1930. Ten years' experience made it possible, however, to examine the problems involved in each alternative and to measure the progress each had made.

THE first possible alternative to the existing situation was a fundamental change in public opinion and a willing compliance with the law on the part of people who had hitherto disobeyed it. Such a change, of course, would promptly dispose of any problem confronting the federal government. As Mr. Coolidge had said at a conference of Governors in 1923, if the public would once stop patronizing bootleggers, "the rest would be easy[5]." It was an obvious comment, but it was still as much to the point in 1930 as it was in 1923. If the 98 per cent or the 99 per cent of the American public which willingly obeys laws forbidding burglary, forgery, assault and arson should begin willingly to obey the law forbidding manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, there would be no prohibition problem. There would be no need to discuss enforcement plans. There would be no debate over the respective duties of the states and the federal government under the concurrent clause.

Willing compliance with the law would promptly cut the Gordian knot of prohibition. Three Presidents had found it difficult, however, to persuade the public to yield this compliance as a duty of good citizenship. Almost in identical words Mr. Hoover was still repeating the early appeals and admonitions of his predecessors. Nothing that three Presidents had said, nothing that had been said by many other men in public life, nothing that had been argued

1. *New York Times*, August 29, 1930.

2. *New York Times*, June 27, 1930.

3. *State Cooperation in the Enforcement of National Prohibition Laws*, United States Treasury Department, 1930, p. 64.

4. *New York Times*, December 24, 1923.

5. Address in Washington, October 20, 1923.

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in support of the theory that prohibition was like all other laws, equally binding upon the conscience of the American people and entitled to equal respect, had succeeded by the end of 1930 in persuading a large part of the public to accept prohibition on this basis.

Opinion among the friends of prohibition was divided. There was one school which believed with Bishop Cannon that the time had come to employ sufficient force "to convince the present rebels against prohibition that the government will suppress rebellion wherever found[6]." There was a second and more optimistic school which continued to believe that desperate remedies were not needed and that the American people would come in time to accept the law of their own free will.

Underwood

ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL

Force of circumstance had compelled this second school to revise its estimate of time. In the early years of the Eighteenth Amendment the advocates of national prohibition had believed that the law would be obeyed so promptly that a few million dollars would be sufficient to enforce it[7]. Gradually it had been necessary to advance the date when such obedience might reasonably be expected. In 1930 there were friends of prohibition who believed that by 1933 or by 1935 or by 1940 the public could be won over to the law; other friends who looked ahead still further. "Prohibition will be enforced if we stick to it long enough," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. "Ten years is but a little time with 100,000 years ahead[8]."

To those Americans who disliked and distrusted prohibition, a decade seemed ample time in which to find an answer to the question of how much support the public would give the law. To the friends of prohibition this test was unfair and a decade too brief for a real answer.

The second possible alternative to a policy of drift was a realistic effort to enforce the law in whatever section of the country it was disobeyed. In the opinion of the Hoover Administration, as expressed at the end of 1930, such an effort could come only from the states themselves. If this was true, there was little difference between the first alternative and the second. The states in which the law was most widely disobeyed were obviously reluctant to vote large funds with which to enforce it so long as sentiment within these states was opposed to strict enforcement. The problem of persuading the states to enforce the law, therefore, was essentially the problem of persuading the public to obey it. If a time came when 95 per cent or 85 per cent or even 75 per cent of the people in the large industrial states were won over to the cause of national prohibition, the federal government would no longer need militant assistance from the states. Until such time arrived, appeals addressed to the legislatures of these states were appeals addressed to them to override the will of their constituents.

Due to the presence of a dry majority in Congress, the federal government was in a different position. With a three to one vote or a two to one vote in favor of prohibition in both the Senate and the House, Congress had ample power to initiate a genuine effort to enforce the law at any time it chose to act. The starting-point for such an effort was plain enough. Above all else, the law was in need of both men and money.

Over a period of ten years Congress had done its best to escape this inescapable conclusion. The experiment with national prohibition had begun with an appropriation demonstrably inadequate for the purpose of enforcement. At the end of 1930 the chief spokesmen of prohibition in the Senate and the House were still as insistent as they had always been, that the right way to enforce the law was not to appropriate money to enforce it but to write more laws to be enforced: laws making the purchaser of illegal liquor equally guilty with the seller, laws adding new penalties to the penalties carried in the Jones Act, laws making it mandatory upon the courts to impose prison sentences on first offenders.

If ten years of prohibition had proved anything they had proved the futility of such efforts. Nothing except additional confusion and a larger measure of hypocrisy had been achieved by adding more law to a law which was not enforced. If the existing federal machinery of enforcement was "pitifully inadequate" to enforce the law against sellers of illegal liquor, it was still more pitifully inadequate to enforce the law against the far more numerous purchasers of illegal liquor. If federal attorneys complained that juries would not convict under the heavy penalties carried in the Jones Act, there was no reason to suppose that they would convict more readily in case these penalties were increased. If the courts had found it impossible to dispose of prohibition cases by any other method than a series of bargain days, it was idle to call upon the courts to send every prohibition case to trial for the purpose of imposing mandatory prison sentences.

Underwood

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL YOUNGQUIST

If the federal government wished to enforce prohibition in the United States, ten years of experience plainly showed the way to go about it. The first step was to organize an army of agents adequate to

6. *New York Times*, February 10, 1930.
7. Wayne B. Wheeler, *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 5655.
8. *New York Times*, January 25, 1930.

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police the country to suppress illicit stills. The second step was to equip these agents not with more law to enforce but with more authority under existing law: with authority, as the Wickersham commission had proposed, to initiate padlock proceedings without personal service of a subpoena on the owners of the property involved; with authority, as the Prohibition Bureau had proposed, to compel business firms to open their books and to show in detail what disposition they had made of any products requiring the use of alcohol; with authority, as General Andrews had proposed, to enter private homes and to search private dwellings not only on warrants charging sale of liquor but also on suspicion of its manufacture for illegal use.

Whether the federal government would ultimately provide the authority and the machinery needed to enforce the law remained to be disclosed. At the end of 1930 Congress was still unwilling to believe that its own responsibilities went beyond halfway authority for the Prohibition Bureau, a budget of $13,000,000 and a staff of 2,300 field agents, each covering an average area of 1,300 square miles.

THE third alternative to a policy of drift was the proposal to change the law itself, on the theory that the problem of enforcement would be simplified if a larger portion of the public were persuaded to obey it.

In point of years, the modification movement was older than the law itself. Even before the Eighteenth Amendment became effective and before the Volstead Act was reported to the House of Representatives, the American Federation of Labor petitioned Congress for the enactment of such legislation as would exempt 2.75 per cent beer from the prohibition of intoxicating beverages[9]. Congress replied to this petition by setting the standard of intoxicating beverages at one-half of one per cent, but the American Federation of Labor and a minority of Congress itself continued to quarrel with the logic of this definition.

Over a period of some eight years, in fact, an effort to persuade Congress to reconsider its definition of intoxicating beverages remained the chief objective of such political opposition to prohibition as appeared in the United States. A long series of possible alternatives was proposed, debated and rejected. In one session of Congress fifty-nine bills were introduced for the purpose of legalizing 2.75 per cent beer[10]. Other plans called for approval of beer of 4 per cent; others for approval of light wines. In 1926 Senator Edge of New Jersey proposed that the Volstead Act be amended simply by substituting the words "non-intoxicating in fact" for the limitation of one-half of one per cent. In 1928 Governor Smith of New York advanced his plan for an amendment of the Volstead Act which would give "a scientific definition of the alcoholic content of an intoxicating beverage" and simultaneously grant authority to each state "to fix its own standard of alcoholic content, subject always to the proviso that that standard could not exceed the maximum fixed by Congress[11]."

What is most significant about the movement in favor of modification is that Governor Smith's proposal in 1928 was the last proposal made by an opponent of national prohibition which aroused widespread discussion. When another plan for modification caught the attention of the country it was a plan submitted not by an opponent of prohibition but by a friend. This plan was the proposal of Representative Fort of New Jersey for an amendment of the Volstead Act which would legalize liquor brewed in private homes, provided it was non-intoxicating in fact: "To those who want beer and light wines, I suggest that they forego the wish to buy and be content with what they make[12]."

As far as modification was concerned, the field of public interest had been preempted by mid-summer of 1930 not by a wet but by a dry. This curious reversal of rôles was not accidental. It was an unmistakable sign of a waning interest of the wets in the cause of modification. Plans for a possible change in the Volstead Act still appeared occasionally in party platforms adopted in states where prohibition was not popular. On the whole, however, these plans now seemed to arouse less enthusiasm than at any other time in ten years of prohibition. Presumably there were two chief reasons for this lack of interest.

In the first place, the argument made by Mr. Hughes during the 1928 campaign against the legality of any proposal to modify the Volstead Act had unquestionably carried weight and succeeded in discouraging those more skeptical wets who had always been inclined to doubt the possibility of reconciling beer that was really beer and wine that was really wine with the flat dictum of the Eighteenth Amendment against "intoxicating liquors."

In the second place, the cause of beer and wine had been submerged by a much larger issue. It was no longer a question of tempering discontent by wringing a little comfort from the Volstead Act which occupied the attention of the opponents of prohibition, but the question of restoring what they believed to be the fundamental principle of the federal system of government, by redressing a lost balance of power between the national government and the states.

So completely did this second question now overshadow the first, and so substantially had the field of controversy been broadened under the leadership of such men as Dwight W. Morrow and such organizations as the various bar associations of the larger cities, that only the interjection of some new and important factor seemed capable of reviving interest in the cause of modification.

It was conceivable that such an agency as the President's Commission on Law Enforcement might ultimately arrive at a proposal for modification and certain in these circumstances that controversy over the merits of modification would begin afresh. Without something of this sort to alter the march of events, however, the opposition movement seemed destined to sweep past its earlier objective and to focus its effort not on modification but repeal.

THERE was one point with respect to repeal on which both the friends of prohibition and the opponents of prohibition could agree. It was the unquestioned right of every American to work for the repeal of any law of which he disapproved. The friends of prohibition acknowledged the legality of this effort but believed it to be quixotic. "There is as much chance of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment," insisted Senator Sheppard in 1930, "as there is for a humming-bird to fly to the planet Mars with the Washington Monument tied to its tail[13]."

This confidence in the impregnability of the Eighteenth Amendment rested not only upon the conviction of such men as Senator Sheppard that a majority of the American people favored national

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9. *New York Times*, June 12, 1919.

10. 68th Congress, 1st Session.

11. Address accepting the Democratic nomination, August 22, 1928.

12. *Congressional Record*, 71st Congress, 2nd Session, pp. 2789-92.

13. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, September 24, 1930.

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Old Schools for New

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

THE books tell us that the so-called progressive school, about which so much has been said in recent years, is largely the result of a revolt against the old and traditional education. And this explanation of the new education is not difficult to understand. For the conventional school of a few decades ago was a hard place for children, and there is now no question that reform was sorely needed. But the progressive school of today is such an inexpressibly joyous and pleasurable place where happy children are emancipated from all repressions, compulsions, complexes, and other atavistic echoes from the primeval past, that it seems reasonable to inquire whether the time has not arrived for another progressive educational step.

Until near the turn of the last century little was accurately known about the nature of children who had long been looked upon as miniature but unregenerated adults. The persistent theological dogma of original sin had become also a respectable and convenient educational dogma. Discipline by suppression and repression was the rule. The minds of children had to be trained as souls must be purged by discipline. There was much discussion of "breaking the will" of the child, and the belief was strong that the performance of hard and disagreeable tasks provided the needed mental training. A child displayed in his distaste for a school subject or task the most competent of all evidence that he should be made to study or do it.

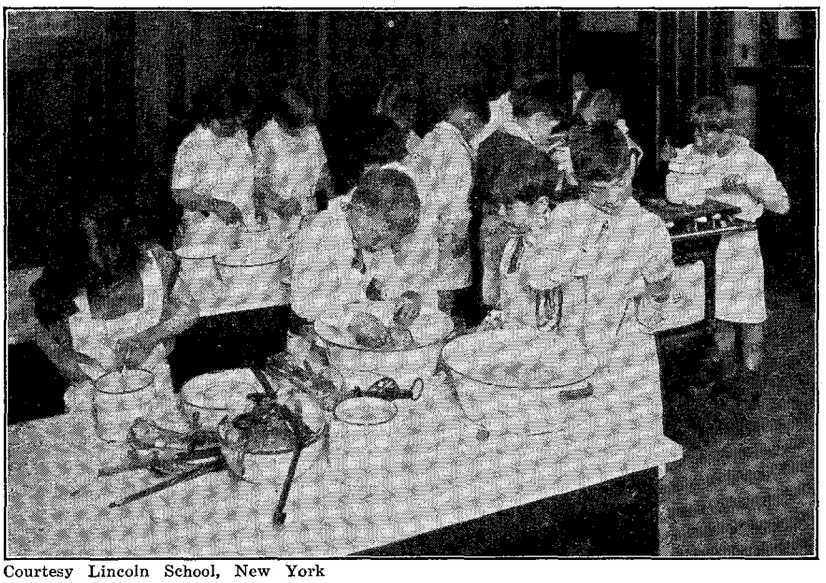
"It doesn't matter what a boy studies," said Mr. Dooley, "so long as he doesn't like it."

In general teachers were untrained and too often unfit by nature for schoolroom duties. Many of them were pedagogical despots who heard recitations of memorized lessons and threw into young and old alike an inordinate fear of punishment. The divine rights of childhood had not yet been established; the relation between the school and life outside had not yet been recognized in practice; the need for some conscious effort to control nature through nurture had not yet been generally felt. The view of education as growth had not widely gained nor had the principle of self-activity as an important law of growth been accepted. There was need for improvement, even for a revolt against the Spartan severity of the conventional school and its isolation from life.

Out of this need has come the progressive school. The new education which it represents has been promoted by several influences, but in very large part it has been encouraged by psychology which has usurped the place of theology in every schoolroom that is progressive enough to speak of. Old subject matter and old ways of doing things fell quickly under the searching eyes of this queen of the pedagogical sciences and became suspect. The child has now become the center of the school. And, as the idea of the new education has gained strength and popularity it has become the fashion for a school that would be known as progressive to make the announcement and declare that it was child-centered. Many schools have only so announced and declared while some have doubtless done more.

Except for the blind imitators, however, which may be numerous, the so-called progressive schools have a common origin and a common purpose. They have grown out of real discontent with formalism in education and have often been established by discerning and alert parents and teachers when they discovered that it was a made-to-order and arid subject matter that was being taught rather than flesh and blood children who needed something closer to their own experiences and lives than the local schools provided. As for their creed and purpose these schools are said to believe above everything else in freedom and in opportunity for individual self-expression and for learning through activity rather than passivity. Barring their origin and slogan, however, the progressive schools are marked by few common features. As the stars they differ one from the other in their glory. And it is in this diversity of practice that they are able to find refuge from attacks by the critics. For probably not one of them is guilty of all the inconsistencies and lack of balance that are charged to progressive schools in general.

It is in what passes under the name of science that the so-called progressive school puts its fullest trust for creativeness. To psychology it pins its faith and looks or hopes for light in the conduct or misconduct of its affairs in this foggy, pedagogical world, although it is doubtful if such a faith as this is any less blind or displays any more elementary prudence than that so long exacted by theology when she was queen. True, the educational scientists have conducted their investigations and researches with as rigorous care and treatment as their capacities and equipment permitted. They have been sound in the orthodox spirit of science, that is, indifferent to the assumptions on which their investigations and theorizing are established, with little or no concern about the effect of their findings. They have absorbed themselves in what they delight to call the ob-



Courtesy Lincoln School, New York

In the modern progressive school domestic science is not confined to the feminine sex

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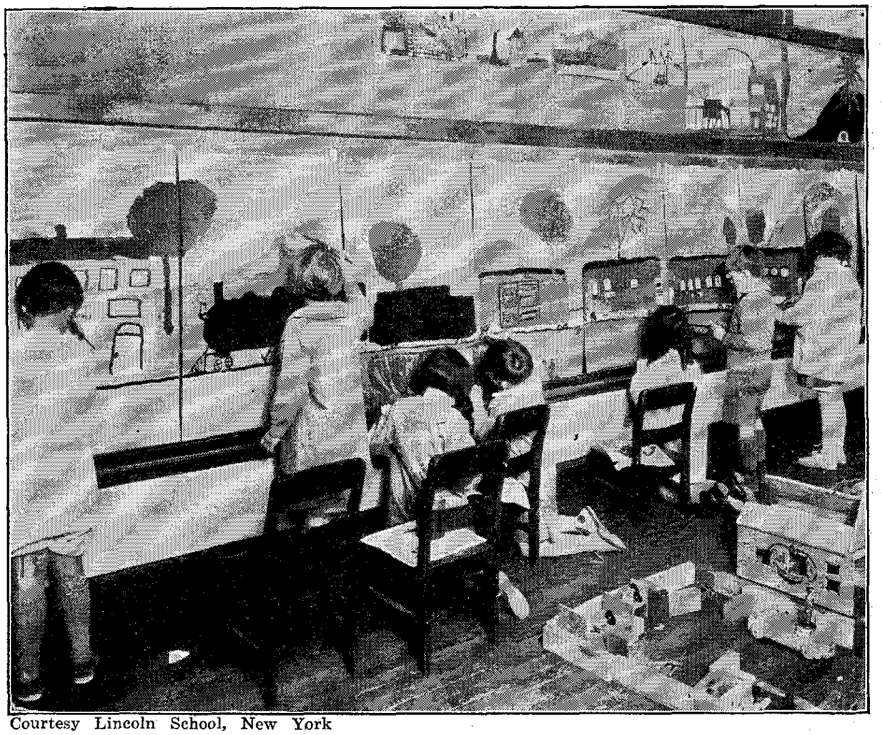
jective, no matter how disquieting the outcome. They have insisted, or have given their disciples the impression that they have insisted, on looking at human beings as the astronomer contemplates his stars, the geologist his rocks, or the physicist his electrons, unaware that man may after all be more than the chemical episode that the scientist at times pretends to make him.

That is not to say that psychology has not been of some assistance. Some educational reform has been made by means of its achievements. In fact, improvement has been quite general until today the average American school provides for the average child opportunities probably never afforded any children in the old-fashioned and conventional school. Not only is the physical equipment better in all respects, but the curriculum is enriched, the teachers are technically better trained, and generally in school and out there is higher respect for child personality. There is larger opportunity for its proper development. Of course those that call themselves progressive claim to be doing more than the garden variety of schools, in providing a more adaptable body of materials of instruction, more numerous activities, wider opportunities for what is called "creativeness" in music, drawing, dramatics, and in the making of pottery, pictures, and even poetry, and for considerable freedom in all things. And for any improvement it has helped to make, psychology is to be praised.



Courtesy Lincoln School, New York

WIDER OPPORTUNITIES FOR CREATIVENESS

First grade pupils painting scenery for a play

Some of these tendencies and practices of the progressive school are natural and wholesome reactions against the obvious weaknesses of the sterilized school work of the past. These weaknesses should have been removed and others prevented. But the progressive schools have been afflicted with zealots who have encouraged the tendency to go from much discipline and little freedom to little discipline and much freedom or even to all freedom and no discipline whatever. In this tendency is the evidence of debilitating influences in American education. Standards have been lowered, effort has been relaxed, and manners have fallen into decay. Softening tendencies have appeared in extreme and often bizarre applications of the doctrines of interest and freedom, in the reaction against will, and in the almost complete denial of the disciplinary value of sound and well organized subject matter. More and more is it becoming the fashion not to require a child to do anything that he does not at the moment feel a need to do. Moreover, there is fear of adult imposition upon the child whose guidance is often left to his own devices. Guidance by requirement will thwart his creativeness, it is feared, crush his initiative, and repress his personality. It is old-fashioned for a teacher to speak of educative discipline, much less to undertake to provide for it. As a result, obedience is rapidly losing its place even in the vocabulary of modern educational theory and practice. The child that rebels against doing anything that he does not have a "felt need" for doing is likely to be cited on recognition day for courageous convictions, independence, self-assertiveness, and a genius for creativeness.

Thus charge the critics. True, the diversity of practice among these schools increases the difficulty of making a fair appraisal of their work. But there must be some fairness in the criticism, now more and more frequently heard, that some of them are most clearly marked by one-sidedness and especially by vagueness—by what they are careful not to teach or to stand for with definiteness and for what they are careful not to do definitely in directing the discipline of children and the mastery of vital subject matter and in not giving them a healthy outlook on life.

But, whatever else may be said in criticism of the progressive schools and those who set them on their happy way, they have done one thing well. They have given to this country many new words and phrases that have attractiveness and therefore taking ways. School teachers and managers use them freely if not always understandingly. And this is just as it should be. For this new language is given out by those who sit in high places and who, because of their position, are quite properly identified with pedagogical fitness and fashion. Few are the disciples who dare openly and passionately to challenge the words of the masters.

But what if this fearfully and wonderfully contrived language does confound many of those who go about the Middletowns and villages of the United States teaching? It is impressive, because it has to do with the mythical potencies of the educative process, if you catch the meaning. Moreover, it deals or seeks to deal with the basis on which the agencies of education should select "the experiences that are to function in modifying adjustments" a phrase which, although variously translated, may mean precisely what it says. On the other hand, it may mean that experiences that are to function in modifying

(Please Turn to Page 636)

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

The Crying Towel

THESE, as Tom Paine said in *The American Crisis,* are the times that try men's souls. They draw on our reserves, or, if we have not been foresighted enough to set up any, they give pitiless publicity to a deplorable fact.

Reserves, not only of cash, bonds and stock, but of poise, fortitude and resiliency. These are not mere copybook words—they are dynamic qualities of mind and heart that should be given full valuation among the assets of American business when it makes up its balance sheet as of December 31, 1930.

Courage has pulled us through a bad depression without a panic. Courage and the ability to laugh, or at least smile, in the face of adversity. And that leads us to give a bow to one of the saltiest episodes of the dark days of 1930—the crusade of the crying towel. We don't know who invented the gadget, but if he doesn't get a Carnegie life-saving medal there is no justice in the world.

Variants have appeared in many markets, from one Portland to the other. Most of them have certain characteristics in common—rough porous paper, a cartoon of a little man weeping big tears, and a message something like this: "Give this crying towel to the next bozo who weeps on your shoulder about bad business. Lead him to a quiet corner and tell him the advantages of BUYING NOW!"

A broker on what Walter Winchell calls the Stuck Exchange sang "Am I Blue!" day after day for weeks. A friend gave him a crying towel and since then he hasn't uttered a funeral note. The porous pep-producer appears to have survived the acid test.

Homesteading—1930 Style

THAT we haven't entirely lost our power to contribute to the gaiety of nations is demonstrated by the picturesque events which brought sweetness and light to Oklahoma City on the first Tuesday in December.

The Rock Island and 'Frisco lines, having pooled their terminal interests in the erection of a joint station in the outskirts of the city, sold to the municipality for $4,000,000 a strip of land about half a block wide and five blocks long in the heart of the business district. This strip was made available by the removal of the Rock Island passenger station and downtown tracks, and the land thus released is said to be worth, for building purposes, close to $7,000,000.

Constable Sam Bartell, who was a deputy United States marshal back in 1889 when Oklahoma was opened for settlement, and who obtained city lots then by staking them out, dug into the records and the law, and moved onto the strip with his followers as soon as the old station was demolished. As in the old days, notices of intention to occupy were scribbled on stray cards and pieces of paper and tacked to lath or splinters of railroad ties, thrust into the ground.

Constable Sam held that the strip reverted to the government and is open for entry under an old act of Congress. The city officials were, of course, in a position to treat Sam and his followers as trespassers rather than settlers, but the episode was colorful and entirely appropriate to a city where oil is drilled for, and found, in public parks and private back yards.

Oxygen for Buying

INTERESTING attempts are being made to bring buying back to life by artificial means. The executive head and chief owner of a large manufacturing enterprise, for example, has given $100 in cash to each of his employees, on condition that the entire amount be spent within a month for clothing, food or other articles or commodities, in the city where the plant is located. No part of the money may be saved or invested, or paid on instalment contracts.

Another experiment is being tried out in Chicago, where Jacob M. Loeb, heading a citizens' committee, has announced a plan to encourage business concerns and the public generally to give merchandise certificates at Christmas time instead of cash gifts or bonuses. The certificates are on sale to everybody in denominations from $1 up, and are redeemable in merchandise in any of a large number of retail stores listed on the certificates.

Mr. Loeb's committee urges that business firms make gifts or pay bonuses to employees at once, and that the recipients use them immediately. If this plan is generally adopted, it will give a much needed impetus to retail buying in the nation's second city, and in others which may follow Chicago's example.

Dear George:

THE keen, droll, sympathetic and successful stock market operator who wrote *Watch Your Margin* (Liveright $2.50) has produced a most readable book on an exceedingly touchy subject.

W. E. Woodward, who provides an introduction, also readable, insists that he is not J. H. B., but that the author who hides back of those initials is one of the most successful operators of the past twenty years; likes tweed suits, Galsworthy's plays, Russian cigarettes, pictures (including etchings, paintings, movies and rotogravure sections), hilltops, horse racing and Chinese antiques; and throws away letters and telegrams as soon as he has read them. Here is surely the perfect characterization.

In 49 letters, chiefly to nephew George, J. H. B. tells all about Wall Street, or nearly all. Rule No. 1, he says, is to get your money's worth when you buy stocks. If you go into the Street to make money, focus on real values. String along with *quality stocks.* As for buying on margin, you don't have to do it. Margin is a risk-accelerator. Its leading ingredient is dynamite. And don't buy stocks in unnecessary concerns—enterprises that the country could get along without. Rule 49 is to get your money's worth when you buy stocks. You will notice, George, that Rule 49 is the same as Rule 1. Don't forget it, George. *Adios,* J. H. B.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926= 100) December 4—80.7. (Crump's British Index—1926= 100) December 4—70.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 22—779,757 cars (reduction of 49,494 under preceding week and of 169,959 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended November 29—39% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week).

Crude Oil Production Week ended November 29—daily average gross 2,265,000 barrels (reduction of 16,850 under preceding week and of 373,200 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended November 29—261,000 bushels (reduction of 832,000 under preceding week and of 1,358,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 4—$9,961,026,000 (increase of 51.7% over preceding five-day period; reduction of 24.8% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 4—598 (increase of 137 over preceding five-day period and of 143 over same week of 1929).

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▸▸ "Fair Prices" or Free Prices? ◂◂

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE present session of Congress is to witness a new stage of a contest which has been waged with varying degrees of intensity for twenty years. This is the fight over legalizing price contracts between producers and retailers. The champions of price maintenance or, as they prefer to call it, "fair-price agreements," have rallied behind the Capper-Kelly bill, which is designed to give the producers of articles bearing a special brand or trade mark the right to fix the price at which the articles are to be sold at retail.

At the last session of Congress the advocates of this measure were greatly encouraged by a favorable report on the bill from the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and they are now planning to marshal their forces in an effort to effect its adoption before Congress adjourns on March 4 next.

Few measures before the present Congress have a more direct interest for the great mass of consumers, and few measures have been pressed so persistently in the face of widespread opposition. That the proposal is still a live issue after all these years reflects the determination and convictions of its sponsors. Both the advocates and the opponents of price maintenance have been carrying on a protracted and well-balanced debate, and the impartial observer is compelled to admit that the right is by no means wholly on one side. The burden of proof, however, must rest upon those who would change the existing system and introduce a new scheme which the courts have formerly held to be illegal.

Even their opponents grant that the advocates of price agreements have at least a partial case. Producers of labeled and trade-marked articles clearly have a grievance against certain conscienceless price-cutters. The producer whose article is sold under a widely advertised brand feels a special responsibility to consumers. His goods must always come up to the standard; if not, his label will become more of a liability than an asset.

The retailer of course derives a great benefit from the reputation and good will which the producer carefully builds up by attention to quality and extensive advertising, inasmuch as these bring him satisfied customers. It seems reasonable, then, that he should play the game fairly and not seek to exploit this good will to his own gain and to the producer's injury.

Yet there are retailers who deliberately seek to trade on a manufacturer's reputation by offering standard high-grade goods at a price yielding less than a fair profit, or even at no profit at all. Such price-cutting is intended as a bait for customers. Obviously, the dealer hopes to make up on other goods the profits he failed to obtain on this particular article, and so the chances are that while the consumer may have benefited from the lower price in one instance he pays for it in making other purchases and in the net result may obtain no bargain at all.

MEANTIME, other retailers must meet this cut price or else give up the sale of the article. The manufacturer is thus threatened with the loss of their trade, or if they carry his article at a price which is unprofitable they are under an inducement to persuade their customers to buy some inferior substitute on which they can derive a profit. Such a result, it is argued, is harmful to producers, retailers and consumers alike. And so it is proposed to permit producers of labeled articles to make contracts with retailers fixing the prices at which the articles may be sold.

Contracts of this character have been held by the courts to be in violation of the anti-trust laws. There are three ways, however, by which producers may at present exercise legal control over retail prices. They may establish chain stores of their own, as some shoe manufacturers have done; they may designate certain dealers as their agents and send them goods on consignment, as is done in the automobile industry; and they may sell directly to retailers and refuse to sell to those who are guilty of unfair trade practices, for a private seller has the right to choose his customers.

There are obviously hundreds of articles whose distribution in these various ways is at present impracticable, and the producers in such cases must rely upon the wholesaler or jobber in order to reach the retailer. The courts have held that manufacturers who thus distribute their wares cannot lawfully compel the wholesale dealers to stipulate the prices retailers are to charge. The passage of the Capper-Kelly bill is urged, therefore, as a means of placing all manufacturers on an equal footing in the matter of price maintenance.

Recently a new argument has been advanced in support of this measure. The small retailers who are menaced by the competition of chain stores have been told that it will prevent the price-cutting which has been an effective weapon in the hands of chains in winning trade at their expense. The validity of this claim depends on the degree to which the manufacturers who sell to chains will insist on agreements to maintain prices in the event that such agreements are legalized. If this insistence should threaten them with the loss of the large volume of business which the chains can give them, it is doubtful whether the small retailers would derive any benefit; for the provisions of the Capper-Kelly bill are permissive and not mandatory.

The arguments against the bill can be summed up in much briefer compass. It is admitted that there are unscrupulous price-cutters who tend to demoralize legitimate trading, but it is maintained that there are also unscrupulous manufacturers who would use their price-maintenance privileges to extort monopoly profits from the consumers, and that this would be the greater of the two evils. Commodity prices at wholesale have declined nearly fifteen per cent within the past year, and the benefits are just beginning to be passed on to consumers.

But seemingly the strongest objection which has been advanced so far against the proposed plan is that it will eventually put the manufacturers in virtual control of the country's retail business. The retailer would be reduced to a kind of automaton, passing out goods at prices which the producer allowed him to charge. Stores with competent management and low overhead charges would be compelled to sell at the same prices as stores with high overhead, and consumers would derive no advantage from the greater efficiency of one group over the other. Competition between retailers would be practically eliminated; the incentive to individual enterprise would be reduced to a minimum, and the system would be conducive to dry rot.

The question will be much debated in coming weeks, but in view of the shortness of the session and the pressure of much other legislation, action by Congress at this time is hardly probable.

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▶▶ Pullman Car Football ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

ABOUT this time every year sundry eastern, southern and midwestern football teams hit the rails for that gridiron El Dorado, the Pacific coast. The present campaign is no exception. Dartmouth has already traveled to Palo Alto, taken the whipping which inhospitable native sons make a habit of giving eastern invaders, and returned to its White Mountain fastness. As I write these lines Notre Dame is trekking coastward. Alabama will soon follow suit. Our football tourists usually return empty handed from these Pacific junkets, but travel being broadening and the Pullman fare bountiful, they add inches to their girth, a few thousand miles to their geographic knowledge, and bushels of scented notes to their feminine fan mail.

Teams travel according to their pocketbooks. Washington State, reversing the usual direction of these hegiras, rumbled eastward unobtrusively via regularly scheduled trains. W. S. C. is a simple agricultural school with a modest athletic budget.

Notre Dame likewise has plain, homespun tastes in traveling, doesn't go in for the fancy frills of special trains, cars fitted up as rolling gymnasiums or hospital clinics on wheels. Transcontinental train rides are an old, old story to Rockne's nomads. Indeed, certain cynics declare that the Notre Dame players don't sleep well on their sycamore studded campus. They miss the soothing sway of their Pullman dormitories, the clickety-clack of wheel flange against rail joint.

En route to Leland Stanford last Christmas, West Point traveled in a style to which the cadets would like to become accustomed. The Army A. A., its War chest brimming with receipts from such "four dollar sell-outs" as the Yale and Harvard games, put on the dog for fair. That ten car West Point Special train, routed over the New York Central, Santa Fe, and Southern Pacific lines, set a high-water mark in luxurious football transportation.

Your West Point cadet spends the better part of four years cloistered in sombre, stone-flagged barracks that remind one of a medieval monastery. The transition from those Spartan surroundings to the Sybarite opulence of the Army special stunned the lucky members of the football squad, as well it might. Veteran railroad men, who had helped organize transportation exhibits at expositions, jubilees, centennials, etc., admitted that they never had seen anything to match this West Point transcontinental limited.

Trainer Frank Wandle, impresario of the expedition, had fitted up two baggage cars with all the accessories and paraphernalia of his trade. Car A was a bathhouse on wheels. Plumbers had subdivided it into eight shower compartments, metal lined, with hot and cold needle spray attachments. Car B was a rolling likeness of a field hospital, its walls flanked by brightly burnished therapeutic devices such as diathermia machines (for treating sprains, muscle bruises, and congestion). X-ray outfits, violet beam lamps, vibrators and blood pressure gauges. There was also a locker car for the players to dress in with massage tables and bins to stow the heavy equipment.

Colonel Shockley, Post Surgeon, and Captain Welch, team physician, accompanied the team to look after the physical welfare of the squad. A platoon of regular army sergeants, detailed to the athletic association, served as rubbers, store keepers, and handy men. A lounge car, equipped with card tables, two radio-phonographs, and magazine racks, was used as a recreation hall. Here the players, wearing gold striped gray jumper suits, loafed at their ease, undisturbed by bugle calls, curt commands, and all the oppressive ritual of military discipline.

Noncombatants—including three reporters, one major general, a whole batch of colonels, two civilian assistant coaches, assorted majors and captains, and one garrulous station agent who had been pensioned off after thirty years at West Point's ticket window—were segregated in the rear end of the train from the football squad.

ON THE afternoon of the third day the engineer stopped the special at Canyon Diabolo, in the very middle of Arizona's painted desert. The mesquite thatched, sage brush stippled plain stretched in unbroken solitude to the horizon, relieved only by a distant vista of the San Francisco Peaks. At a blast from Wandle's police whistle, the helmeted Army players, accoutered in full gridiron regalia, erupted from the parked Pullmans and proceeded to stage the first football practice ever held in a desert. Jack rabbits scurried to cover as "Red" Cagle, for once bereft of a cheering audience, loped across the bleak veldt.

Arrived at Palo Alto, the Army squad was quartered in a Stanford dormitory, the usual occupants of which had left on vacation. The cadets ate in a Moorish, red tile roofed dining hall built around a patio rich in semi-tropical blooms. Eucalyptus trees, trailing coffee colored streamers of bark, bearded live oaks, and stately palms gave a barbaric touch to the ensemble. Huge carboys of Croton water, carted from the Hudson Valley, were placed at strategic points in the dormitory corridors. On Christmas morning, the ubiquitous Frank Wandle turned Santa Claus and distributed presents forwarded by parents and friends of the players.

THIS rough sketch will give you some idea of what it means to take a football eleven from the snow bound East to flower garlanded California, though it must be confessed that few gridiron argosies are as elaborately conceived as this one. West Point conducted its expedition in the grand manner—a tour de luxe which compensated somewhat for the merciless drubbing the cadets received from Pop Warner's beefy pupils. Despite all the precautions taken, the Army players were dead on their feet at game time, their energy sapped by the overland journey and the climate.

On the journey home, "Red," Cagle, spick and span in Cadet gray, was exhibited to the yokelry at various way stations from the top of a flat car, where he posed for photographs flanked by General Smith, Colonel Willie Whipple, affable Post Adjutant, and hearty looking Biff Jones, the football coach.

These photographs, presumably intended to feature Cagle as a typical example of what West Point training does for a plain country boy, have since been destroyed. It seems that Chris alienated the military powers that be by marrying surreptitiously, by intimating that he went to West Point because he liked to play football, and by declaring that an army career meant "gentile poverty." The War Department, never conspicuous for its sense of humor, can't forgive that last phrase. This was the most unkindest cut of all.

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The Leisure Arts

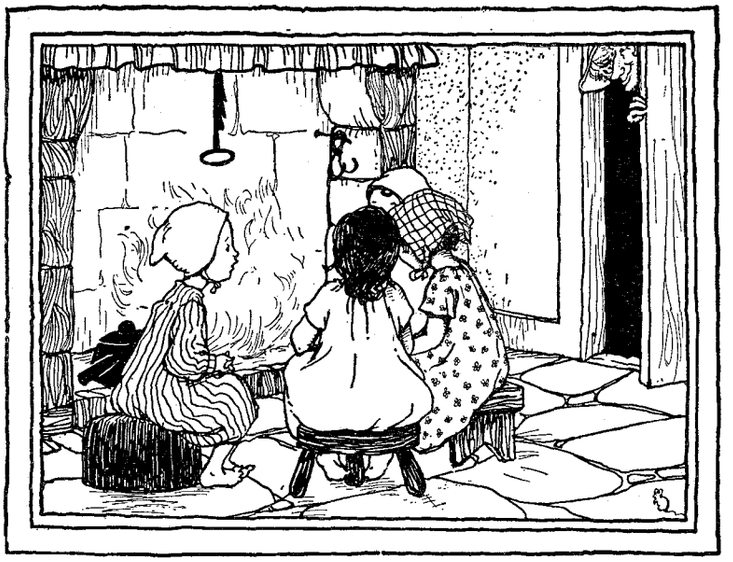
Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

With Christmas Greetings

MAKE This A Book Christmas. The book-sellers say it every year. It was never more practical an admonition than it is this year. From the giver's point of view books as Christmas presents represent the biggest result at the lowest cost and the smallest effort. From the receiver's they represent the greatest solace in the smallest compass. We offer you a list of books which we would give to friends. You should be able to find any of them at your book-seller's, or he should be able to get them for you on short notice because all of them have been published within the last six months. They are assorted to meet various tastes. Do not choose the ones marked b. c. for friends who are subscribers to one of the book clubs as those are book-club selections.

Biography and history come first. For friends whose interests are chiefly in American life and character, there are the excellent books about the Adamses — *The Adams Family* by James T. Adams (Little Brown, $4 b.c.), for any age and sex, *Francis Dana, A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great* by W. P. Cresson (Dial Press $5), suitable for the serious reader of history, and *The Letters of Henry Adams,* edited by W. C. Ford (Houghton, Mifflin $5), required in every good American library; two Civil War books, especially interesting to men, Thomason's *Jeb Stuart,* with the author's illustrations (Scribner's $3.50) and *High Stakes and Hair Trigger,* a life of Jefferson Davis by Robert W. Winston (Holt $3.50); *The Mother of Washington* by Nancy Byrd Turner (E. V. Mitchell: Dodd, Mead $3.50) for women; Wister's *Roosevelt* (Macmillan $4), for any age; *Builders of the Bay Colony* by S. E. *Morison* (Houghton, Mifflin $5), for New Englanders; and *The Virginia Plutarch* (Univ. of N. C. Press $9), records of great figures of the great state for Virginians; Will James' *Lone Cowboy* (Scribner's $2.75 b.c.) for those who love the West and horses; *Lafitte the Pirate* by Lyle Saxon (Century $5) for friends who enjoy the picturesque details of history, and Claude Fuess' two-volume *Daniel Webster* (Little, Brown $10), stalwart reading and sure to become a standard work. If you are sending a present to Baltimore or thereabouts, you might choose a handsome and entertainingly written volume on *The Dutch and Swedes in Delaware* by Christopher Ward (University of Pennsylvania Press $5); and for friends who have the first two volumes of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times,* the third volume, *Pre-War America* (Scribner's $5).

Under the same classification come books about other lands and people. *Madame Roland* by Madeleine Clemenceau Jacquemaire (Longmans $4) is an engaging biography particularly suitable for women, *Some Mariners of France* by Meade Minnigerode (Putnam $3.50) is anecdotal history, especially good for men and boys, Brandes' *Voltaire,* in two volumes (A. & C. Boni $10) is a standard work, now available in English. *R. v. R.,* Van Loon's book on sixteenth century Holland, built around the figure of Rembrandt (Liveright $5 b.c.) is really historical fiction and highly entertaining. Rachel Annand Taylor's *Invitation to Renaissance Italy* (Harper $4) could scarcely be more delightful than it is. People who like to remember the charms of Victorian days will enjoy *Mary Gladstone's Letters* (Dutton $5), *Those Ernest Victorians* by E. Wingfield Stratton (Morrow $3.50), and *Andromeda in Wimpole Street* by Dormer Creston (Dutton $3), a deft and entertaining book about the Browning romance. *The Three Virgins of Haworth* by Romieu (Dutton $3) is an Arielish book about the Brontës which most women would like. And Van Doren's *Swift* (Viking Press $3) is fine critical biography. Any newspaper man would enjoy *Northcliffe,* an intimate biography by Hamilton Fyfe (Macmillan $4), or *Camera Obscura* (Simon & Schuster $2.50), a collection of brilliant short papers on "news value" topics by the late William Bolitho, whose dynamic style, originality and intelligence won him a high place in contemporary journalism. And not only students of diplomatic history but all lovers of biography as an art will be delighted with Harold Nicholson's finished and brilliant life of his father, *Portrait of a Diplomatist* (Houghton, Mifflin $5). Lovers of Tudor England may be made happy this Christmas with four books; *The Diary of Lady Margaret Hoby,* a sixteenth century woman whose life was typical (Houghton, Mifflin $3.50), Belloc's admirable *Wolsey* (Lippincott $3), W. S. Davis' *Life in Elizabethan Days* (Harper $3.50), which every one who read his *Life on a Mediaeval Barony* will want and which is enjoyed by the teens age as well as by adults, and *The Elizabethan Underworld,* edited by A. V. Judges (Dutton $6, illustrated), the ideal gift for any intelligent racketeer of your acquaintance.



Drawing by Grace Gilkison from "Told Under the Green Umbrella" (Macmillan)

Beside *The Elizabethan Underworld,*

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you might put *The Sins of New York,* by E. Van Every and the Police Gazette (Stokes $5). This is a contribution to the rowdy joys of life, but you had better not give it to your aunt from Seehawkus. Nor will *Mrs. Grundy* by Leo Markum (Appleton $5), a history of morals and customs, please her although almost any not too conservative family will enjoy it. For the aunt from Seehawkus, it will be safer to choose *The Gun Club Cook Book* by C. Browne (Scribner's $3), a guide to esoteric cookery, or *Early American Silver* by C. Louise Avery (Century $4). If she should happen to be a reader of papers at women's literary clubs, she should find Katherine Mansfield's *Novels and Novelists* (Knopf $3.50), a collection of that brilliant woman's reviews, useful as well as stimulating. That book might also go to any writing friend, as might J. W. Krutch's *Five Masters,* a study in the novel's mutations (Cape & Smith $3.50) and *Roadside Meetings* by Hamlin Garland (Macmillan $3.50), which amounts to a history of literary America in the last half-century. Any amateur musician, and many others, will be entertained and enlightened by *Tin Pan Alley,* Isaac Goldberg's history of popular music in America (John Day $3.50).

Axel Munthe's *Memories and Vagaries* (Dutton $3) should please almost any reader of light non-fiction and being by a doctor it may fill what is otherwise a blank in this list. *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* by F. Yeats-Brown (Viking $2.75 b.c.) is another book so varied in content that it should find at least one reader in every family and should help you with the friends whose tastes are not well known. Another book which some one in every family will enjoy is Walter de la Mare's *Desert Islands* (Farrar & Rinehart $4), a book of endless fascination. Picture books fill the same need and Rockwell Kent's *N by E* (Brewer & Warren $3.50 b.c.) is not only pictures but picturesque adventure, and might go to any one. But beware of *Peter Arno's Hullabaloo* (Liveright $3), also pictures but by no means for everybody as there is a shock for the reverent on every other page. And Edwina's *Sinbad* picture book (Coward, McCann $2.50) is for dog-lovers only. Dog-lovers will also like John Held Jr.'s *Dog Stories* (Vanguard $3.50).

For men who are "just grown-up boys" there is Frank Buck's *Bring 'Em Back Alive* (Simon and Schuster $3.50) a lively account of catching animals for zoos and circuses, and A. Hyatt Verrill's *Lost Treasure* (Appleton $3) all about sunken bullion ships, pirate caches, and so forth. Summer sailors will enjoy *By Way of Cape Horn* by A. J. Villiers (Holt $3.50) a very fine sea book, and *When Ships Were Ships* by Capt. W. M. Barnes (A. & C. Boni $3), strong language from an old sea-dog. And *Thy Rod and Thy Creel* by Odell Shepherd (E. V. Mitchell: Dodd, Mead $2) is the good present for a fisherman by another fisherman and scholar.

A good many busy people who live in cities find an escape in reading what are known as nature books. *The Village Book* by Henry Williamson (Dutton $2.50) with a bittersweet quality of sharp observation and warm sentiment, and *Jungle Tides* by John Still (Houghton, Mifflin $3) are the perfect gifts for them. Then there is Felix Salten's *Fifteen Rabbits* (Simon and Schuster $1) inexpensive and not to be confused with the Beatrix Potter rabbit classics, and Maeterlinck's *Life of the Ant* (John Day $2.50) for those who thrilled over his *Life of the Bee* many years since. From nature to travel is not a long journey, and *The English Inn* by Thomas Burke (Longmans $1.40, with illustrations) is a gay and pleasant place to stop en route. (This, by the way, and Arnold Bennett's new novel, *Imperial Palace* [Doubleday, Doran $2.50] are the books to choose if you have a friend in the hotel business.) We do not care for travel books, and can honestly recommend only two, Lowell Thomas' *India, Land of the Black Pagoda* (Century $4), not too highly colored and perfectly readable, and Padraic Colum's enchanting *Cross Roads in Ireland* (Macmillan $3.50).

If you have a thoughtful clergyman on your list you might send him *Civilization and Its Discontents* by Siegmund Freud (Cape & Smith $2.25), Dean Inge's *Christian Ethics and Modern Problems* (Putnam's $5) or John Crowe Ransom's *God Without Thunder* (Harcourt Brace $3.50). If you wish to throw an apple of discord into an argumentative family, divided upon the benefits of the machine age, send *I'll Take My Stand,* a stimulating manifesto by a group of southern intellectuals (Harper $3), Gorham Munson's book on the New Humanism, *The Dilemma of the Liberated* (Coward, McCann $3), or Abraham Flexner's *Universities* (Oxford Press $3.50). This might also go to any one professionally interested in higher education, as might *Charles W. Eliot,* a two volume biography by Henry James (Houghton, Mifflin $10). But for parents whose concern with higher education is more roundabout if no less pressing, choose *Life in College* by Dean Gauss of Princeton (Scribner's $2.50) and await the shower of bless-

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ings which is certain to descend upon you.

Poetry and fiction. Here you must go warily. In these fields of pure creation nothing is fixed and the friend who likes one novel by an author will not like his next, the girl who read Edna Millay with you at Vassar will not have grown up to share your love for Christina Rossetti. The Centenary edition of *Emily Dickinson's Poetry* (Little, Brown $4) which contains all her poetry which has been so far discovered, belongs in every American library, and you may be the one to put it in that of several friends. And Kreymborg's *Lyric America, 1630, 1930* (Coward, McCann $5), an anthology of representative verse, is an excellent choice for a family present. Poetry lovers will also want Masefield's *Wanderer of Liverpool* (Macmillan $3.50), Robinson's *Glory of the Nightingales* (Macmillan $2) and Frost's Collected Poems (Holt $5). In novels, we can do no more than list the ones published during the last six months which we would be willing to give, if we gave novels at all. To the whole family, *Angel Pavement* by J. B. Priestley (Harper $3), *The Redlakes* by F. Brett-Young (Harper $3), *The Edwardians* by V. Sackville West (Doubleday, Doran $2.50 b.c.), *The Water Gipsies* by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran $2.50). For women, *Deepening Stream* by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace $2.50), *The Longer Day* by the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out* (Bobbs, Merrill $2.50), not for the witless, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* by Grace Z. Stone (Bobbs, Merrill $2), or to men, *The Triumphant Footman* by Edith Oliver (Viking Press $2.50), very light and deft, *Staying With Relations* by Rose Macaulay (Liveright $2.50), witty and exquisitely written. And to men fond of satiric fiction, *Cakes and Ale* by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran $2) and *The Mirror of Kong Ho* by Ernest Bramah (Doubleday, Doran $2).

When you go to your book store to select these books, you should ask your book seller to let you look over the catalogues of The Modern Library, Everyman's Library, Boni's Paper Books, and the other inexpensive libraries of reprints and new books. Many books can be had for the price of handsome Christmas cards. And how much more welcome!

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

WITH *Imperial Palace*[1], the Arnold Bennett of the early Five Towns tales returns. And how welcome he is! A great "luxury" hotel in London is the heroine and plot-maker of this fine, fat novel, which, if you read rather slowly, will fill your evenings pleasantly for a fortnight. The hero is Evelyn Orcham, director of the Imperial Palace, and the greatest hotel man in the world. Orcham is temporarily seduced by a smart and passionate enchantress, compounded by Mr. Bennett of strongly antagonistic elements, and he marries the hotel housekeeper. But the hotel is his true love and even in Gracie's arms he does not forget her. As plot-maker, the hotel permits Mr. Bennett to present biographical studies of scores of characters and to weave them loosely into a whole. It allows him to disclose, nay, to dwell upon all the details of hotel management from the purchase of meat in Smithfield market to the ordering of the head-housekeeper's day. The careful student of *Imperial Palace* should be able to manage the Statler String. And out of this crowded, minute detail, Mr. Bennett constructs a highly entertaining and an absorbing novel. ☙ ☙ ☙ Did you know that the powder called Rachel derives its name from one Mme. Rachel, a London beauty specialist of the '60's, whose treatment of her clients provided a *cause célèbre* for her contemporaries?

1. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

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This we learn from *Bad Companions*[2], by William Roughead, whose investigations of celebrated crimes, like those of Edmund Lester Pearson (the investigations, not the crimes), make extremely good reading. Eight cases are considered in this book, which we heartily recommend to you. ☙☙☙ Political Washington is *The Lions' Den*[3] in the story of that name, and Daniel Carson, a farmer, goes down into it as Congressman from a rural Wisconsin district, but unlike his namesake, he hasn't much idea what he's getting into. Politicians, lobbyists, and Senator Miller's pretty wife make things hot for Daniel, but he sticks to his ideals and still manages to get along with the lions without being eaten up. Mrs. Fairbank knows her lions, and the book gives you an excellent and true picture of how practical politics are worked out. ☙☙☙ In a praiseworthy effort to be quite fair to both drys and wets, the authors of *The Saloon in the Home*[4] have printed on one side of each page specifications for constructing some alcoholic beverage, on the other an excerpt from some temperance speech or handbook, the latter illustrated by John Held in his woodcut manner. We find nothing to criticize on either side of the page. The receipts are excellent, the excerpts delicious. We'd like to quote one of the latter, a natural history note from *Temperance Sweetmeats:*

> If in our lives and habits
> We were pure as little rabbits,
> Then there would be no vice;
> No fighting, scratching, tearing;
> No smoking, drinking, swearing;
> Oh! wouldn't that be nice.

☙☙☙ Although we've tried, we cannot recall any biography of a Civil War leader with half the dash, color and smartness of *Jeb Stuart*[5]. Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (U. S. Marines and World War), has carried us back to the sixties and set us rollicking over the Virginia hills: wondering if the most picturesque cavalryman of a picturesque war could have been so interestingly colorful as this horseman. Stuart stood five feet, eleven, raw-boned, and a hundred and seventy-five; fought like a devil, prayed like a saint, made few tactical errors and brought silks home to his wife from Pennsylvania. Thomason knows wars, swings easily from personalities to military strategy, and turns facts into romance. Even if you can't read, his pen-and-inks are worth more than the $5.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

2. Green (Edinburgh) 10/6.
3. By Janet Ayer Fairbank: Bobbs Merrill, $2.50.
4. By Ridgely Hunt and George S. Chappell: Coward McCann, $2.00.
5. Scribner's, $5.00.

▸▸ Our Most Recent Revolution ◂◂

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN 1920, Paul Cambon, the veteran French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, remarked: "In the twenty years I have been here, I have witnessed an English Revolution more profound and searching that the French Revolution itself. The governing class have been almost entirely deprived of political power and to a very large extent of their property and estates; and this has been accomplished almost imperceptibly and without the loss of a single life."

That a similar process has taken place in the United States is evidenced by a group of autumnal publications, which reveal that the period 1900-1930 witnessed an American Revolution in the political as well as the material sphere. In the last generation the United States became a socialistic State, assuming functions and developing a psychology radically different to the folk-ways and the ideas of the McKinley era.

In Mark Sullivan's third volume of *Our Times—Pre-War America* (Scribner's) it is obvious that a ferment is at work, when it was possible for Roosevelt to plan to send the Army to occupy the Pennsylvania coal-fields and to operate the mines under an unconstitutional federal receivership. Out of the sere and withered headlines and the yellowed theatre-programs carefully gleaned by Mr. Sullivan, emerges a perception of political change. In Lewis Einstein's *Roosevelt; His Mind in Action* (Houghton, Mifflin) one gets the idea that the force of change was the President, just as Nathaniel Wright Stephenson's *Nelson W. Aldrich: A Leader in American Politics* (Scribner's) suggests that the opposition to Roosevelt was the conservative Rhode Island Senator. It was not quite so simple as that. Roosevelt, for all his vigor, was only a spokesman for the forces of change which later found fuller expression in Woodrow Wilson's first (not second) Administration. Aldrich, for all his political obscurantism, was only a representative of the social inertia which modifies all violent political progress.

What had happened is now beginning to become known. The South was coming back into the Union and the West was assuming a greater degree of political leadership. In *America Moves West* (Henry Holt), Robert E. Riegel has provided an invaluable documentation of the political and social influence of the West upon the nation, a factor which led Roosevelt to pose as a cowboy, Coolidge to summer in the Black Hills, and which eventually placed a westerner in the White House. In *An American Epoch* (Henry Holt), Howard W. Odum offers some "Southern Portraiture in the National Picture," tracing in four generations of southern life the influence of the South upon the Nation. In 1912 and 1916 the South, with the West, won the national elections, and in 1928 the South and southern sentiment decided the political complexion of the Hoover Administration.

On a somewhat broader scale, the process is illustrated again in *The Growth of the American Republic* (Oxford University Press), by S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager. Unfortunately this useful book stops short with the American declaration of war on Germany, of April 6, 1917. The more recent phases are, however, admirably covered by Preston William Slosson's amazingly fair and amusing *The Great Crusade and After: A History of America since 1914* (Macmillan's).

The result is an entirely new political entity in the United States. Where Francis Miller and Helen Hill's *The Giant of the Western World* (Morrow) deals with our new social status in North Atlantic civilization, we find the admirable and thorough *Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1930* (Yale Press), edited by Charles P. Howland for the Council on Foreign Relations, demonstrating the enormous range of our post-war foreign policy. The current volume of this admirable series discusses the Pacific question, limitation of armament and the post-war financial settlement, in all of which Washington's decision played a major rôle.

The revolution in our foreign affairs is still decorously hidden from the electorate by our traditional refusal to become "entangled," which is now narrowing down to a refusal to accept specific obligations in matters in which we have no direct concern. Similarly, our social revolution is still hidden from our people by our constant laudations of old-fashioned American ideals, individualism and such, while every day records some act of the federal government in purely socialistic spheres. For, underneath the archaic forms of federal government the irrepressible vitality of American politics is still transforming our nation from a paradise of individualism and laissez-faire into a paradise of collective interests and official coordination.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

FEW will question the statement that Arthur Hopkins has fine taste in the selection of manuscripts. He can be consistently counted on to give us fresh and original plays. However, I am almost persuaded that his ability to recognize merit in plays is a misfortune, for it keeps them out of the hands of other producers who could give them far more competent presentation. "Mugging," as Broadway professionals call overacting, is probably not to be classed as desirable, but I certainly prefer it to indistinct mumbling and the total lack of rhythm and movement which characterize so many of Mr. Hopkins' productions.

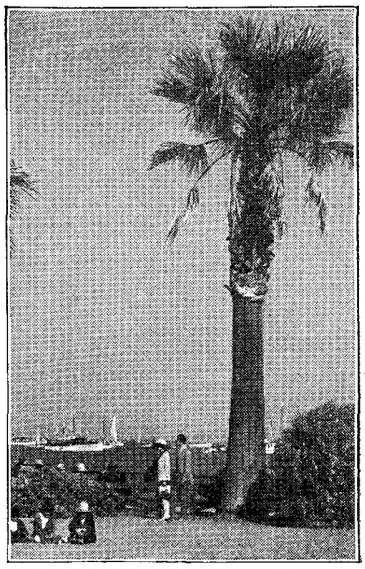
This Is New York, by Robert Emmett Sherwood, is a perfect case in point. There is an almost complete detachment between the script and the way it is played. Miss Lois Moran, a lovely lass late of the films, and Miss Audray Dale do no more than walk through their parts, in fact, in the almost static first act even a little more walking by the former and Mr. Geoffrey Kerr would help. The blurred underplaying of some of the cast is, too, thrown into sharp relief against the complete and vivid characterization of Robert Barrat who gets about all there is out of the rôle of a racketeer.

The play itself is a backhanded presentation of the fact that in spite of rackets, love-nests, corrupt judges and police, millionaire clubmen and tabloid newspapers all the more estimable virtues such as loyalty, courage and true love do not abide exclusively in the breasts of the inhabitants of the great open spaces. *This Is New York* even goes so far as to hint that real Americans, as distinguished from Manhattanites, have a few vices of their own, among them being hypocrisy and intolerance. The situation in the show is that the daughter of a Western senator is engaged to a young New York millionaire sportsman. Her parents oppose the match, ostensibly on the grounds of the young man's morals, but actually for fear of the effect on the voters back home. Of course, the young people refuse to give each other up, but the situation is further complicated by an ex-mistress of the boy's who is blackmailing him. The girl goes to the love-nest of the kept woman and is accidentally involved in an unsavory suicide which entails her appearance in court and the tabloids but which gives everybody a chance to show their true selves. Apart from a lot of wise and witty lines and the inevitable brilliant second act climax on which Mr. Hopkins insists, *This Is New York* is distinguished by the freest use of the real names of celebrities that I have heard on the stage.

Overture, the posthumous drama of William Bolitho, has been given an exceedingly intelligent and careful presentation by Bela Blau and his associates. It is, I think, permissible to question whether it is possible to put on the stage with entire success a play that has a most abstract theme and a political plot in a foreign locale. A great deal of pretty tedious exposition is necessary, especially when said political happenings, as is the case in *Overture,* take place in a small town in Germany of whose very existence, let alone history, most of the audience are probably ignorant. The protagonist, brilliantly played by Colin Clive, the Stanhope of the London and the motion picture presentations of *Journey's End,* is a gentleman and a former German army officer. Idealistically convinced of the justice of the cause of the working classes, he leads a rebellion against the town government. His revolt gets nowhere, however, and he finally absorbs the bitter knowledge that all human beings—even Socialists and Communists—are essentially acquisitive and selfish, and his sacrifice of position and esteem has been in vain. Barbara Robbins, as the mistress who deserts him in the time of his greatest need, and Pat O'Brien, as an unscrupulous and double-crossing Communist, manage to stand out in a company of unquestionable excellence.

Recommended Plays

Bad Girl: Successful dramatization of a best seller.
Jane Cowl: Alternates at four day intervals fine productions of **Art and Mrs. Bottle** and **Twelfth Night.**
Elizabeth the Queen: Mr. and Mrs. Lunt in a fine drama.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook, as mad as ever, to better words and music than usual.
Girl Crazy: The Gershwins' best effort in a long while.
Grand Hotel: Fine acting in a novel German play.
Mrs. Moonlight: They tell me the author didn't mean us to take it seriously. Either way it's good.
Oh, Promise Me: The breach of promise racket made into effective slapstick farce.
Once in a Lifetime: Still contains the most laughs.
On the Spot: Satirical melodrama about Chicago.
Roar China: Not a good play but no student of stagecraft and direction should miss it.
Smiles: The latest Ziegfeld musical. Astaires and Marilyn Miller.
Sweet and Low: They've whipped it into shape since the opening. Now the best revue in town.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland in excellent comedy about ridiculous middle-aged love.
Yes, **Flying High, Strictly Dishonorable,** and **The Green Pastures** are still here.



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▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶*"The Blue Angel"*

EMIL JANNINGS has finally returned to America through his first talking film, *The Blue Angel,* made in Germany about a year ago. He speaks completely eloquent if not always flawless English, and opposite him is Marlene Dietrich whom we have just seen for the first time in *Morocco.* While *The Blue Angel* may not rate as the greatest of the German tragedian's achievements, it is nevertheless an engrossing and a powerful characterization. Again Jannings is a pompous and respected member of the community—this time a petty tyrant in the German high school in which he teaches English literature. Again he is ruined by a blonde siren and again he sinks from one disgrace to another, ultimately dying in a gloomily tragic finale. But *The Blue Angel* has much to recommend it. Josef Von Sternberg, its director, has created a definite atmosphere and peopled it with real people. In his little world Jannings, the schoolmaster, is an autocrat. He storms and scolds and towers above his students in smug moral superiority. When he discovers that they are going to the music hall in the town, he himself goes down to put a stop to it. The students see him and before long he is in Marlene Dietrich's dressing room. Beautiful, cheerful and scantily attired, this lady makes quick work of him and a few days later he is dismissed from his school. He then proposes honorable marriage and the girl, flattered at the rise in social position, accepts. From then on he goes to pieces .... ultimately they use him as a clown in an act in which they break an egg over his head. *The Blue Angel* gives Miss Dietrich more opportunity to show her abilities as an actress than *Morocco.* Altogether this young lady is a genuine find.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Still the finest film of the year.
The Doorway to Hell: The life and times of Al Capone, depicting the finish of that gentleman.
Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a more or less serious water-front drama.
Morocco: Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou provide polished entertainment.
Laughter: Gay and civilized comedy with Nancy Carroll and Frederic March—dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart.
Two Hearts in Waltz Time: An all-German operetta with delightful waltz tunes. You don't need to know German.

Other New Films

Fast and Loose: Miriam Hopkins in a pleasant little comedy based on the old play **The Best People.**
Follow the Leader: Ed Wynn, that crazy goof, in a talkie version of his show **Manhattan Mary.**
The Lottery Bride: Sleeping powders cost less and are easier to take.
The Yellow Mask: A British talkie of an Edgar Wallace mystery thriller proving that all the bad dramatists are not in Hollywood.

▶▶*"Mothers Cry"*

Even mother movies are becoming civilized and credible, and Helen Grace Carlisle's novel *Mothers Cry* has emerged from Hollywood without any glycerine tears, shawls, grey wigs or lamps in the window. I cannot say how closely it follows the book, but within itself it is well done. My chief complaint is that Dorothy Peterson, who plays the part of the long-suffering mother, never looks a day over thirty-five, from the first to the last. The other difficulty is that Danny, the gangster son, is too black a black sheep to be real. No family with Helen Chandler (the daughter who wants to write and yearns for "beauty"), and David Manners (the son who becomes a great architect and designs the Chrysler Building) could have a brother who would develop into a cheap gangster as readily as does this lad. Furthermore, the part is violently and consistently overplayed by Edward Woods.

Nevertheless, director Hobart Henley has done a smooth and well-edited film. *Mothers Cry* is a real motion picture. It is a rather unhappy story of a widow whose children turn out in a variety of ways. One daughter marries peacefully; another dreams of luxury and beauty and gets seduced. One son is a famous architect and the other a gangster and jail-bird. It does not fall into the regular movie patterns, which is certainly a definite relief.

▶▶*"Lightnin'"*

Will Rogers may now be seen in the rôle Frank Bacon created and made famous back in 1918 when *Lightnin'* first struck in these parts. As you may recall if you are old enough, the piece deals with a character who runs a hotel in Nevada to which flock numbers of ladies seeking divorce. I can imagine that in 1918 divorce seemed a good deal more exciting than it does now. Anyway, the present film (the silent film was made in 1925) gives Will Rogers a chance to do a little moralizing and behave in his usual shambling, rustic manner. It's really not so much.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

BEHIND one of these cold, snowy December days lurks the wolf, Christmas, ready to pounce out upon us and with his gleaming teeth rip open our pocketbook and gulp the contents to the last pitiful penny. We have been for some time shuddering at the thought of his approach: inevitable, relentless, he draws nearer. We cower in our threadbare 1926 overcoat, emitting feeble protesting moans, but he merely grins wickedly, and his grin is reflected on the pinched faces of Gifte Shoppe proprietors, necktie manufacturers and the boys who write the sentiments on Christmas cards. Messrs. Wanamaker, Lord, Taylor, Bloomingdale, et al. lick expectant chops; and the Holly and Mistletoe Growers hold high wassail.

Having read thus far, you are probably wondering what remedy we are about to propose. You ought to know us well enough by this time to realize that we aren't going to propose any—that we haven't very many items to offer this week, and are merely sparring for time—or space, which Einstein or somebody says is the same thing. Some day we are going to write a treatise on *Christmas: Its Cause and Cure,* but not today. Anyway, it's too late in the day to start a cure now. A chronic, long-standing thing like Christmas is hard to break up. Prohibition, now—that's only been going on for ten years. We'll get over that without much trouble. But we've had Christmas for a couple of thousand years.

And after all, though we complain bitterly, we'd find it difficult to get on without Christmas. So let's be brave. And maybe some of these suggestions will help you to get through it without too much pain.

A PORTABLE electric candle in a soft silvery finish which lights when you pick it up, and goes out when you set it down, has been brought out by the Eveready people, and makes a nice inexpensive gift. It has a black band at the base which is studded with radium dots, so that you can see it in the dark. There is, too, a switch by which it can be turned on even when set down.

THERE'S a new and convenient oblong standard for the continental type of telephone instrument. It has a circular well at the back for the phone, and in front, memo pad and pencil, and list for numbers which slips into a slotted opening. Finished in tooled leather or velvet in various colors, with a piece of carved soapstone set in top.

FOR $1.50 you can get a very good looking hanging ivy holder of imported handblown glass, shaped like a bunch of grapes. Comes in amber, amethyst or pale emerald.

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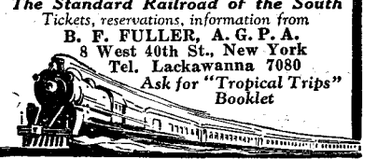

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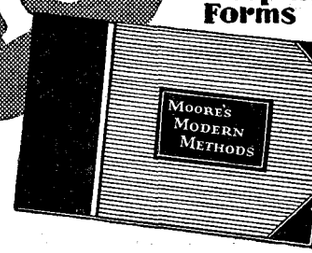

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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*Umbrella-Mender*

HE HAD always known himself for a cautious, careful fellow, so there was something about the work that pleased him from the first.

For, of all the unhandy, staggering wrecks of existence there's none more discouraging than a broken umbrella. And just to take the poor creature in his hand—as it was given him over fences or thrust at him from doorways, or even thrown contemptuously at his feet—just to ask of it, "And how far would ye be gone before I would give ye up as a bad job?" was a sort of pleasure and a satisfaction to him. For by the time he would be through with it, there it would stand as trig and ready as new.

"Here it is ma'am," he would rehearse himself as he worked, "all set to be covering your head against the next storm." And he would add not very explicitly to himself, "Yes sir, there's a sort of moral to it."

As a matter of fact he had rather a fancy for morals and had always been fond of making them up to fit the occasion. "On sunny days prepare for rain," "Learn to mend and you'll mind not to break," "A soft bed is worth a hard tramp," "Eat when you're asked and you'll not ask to eat." These were among his general favorites and were born, he liked to think, of daily life.

But "want a little today and you'll not want tomorrow," was the one he had sternest need of; when he subtracted his daily savings from his daily earnings and found that there was nothing left. At these times he went hungry and was content with any kind of bed, assuring himself that above everything he was a careful, cautious fellow.

He would not live this hard life always, he would remind himself, sinking down upon the warm careless grass and lifting his face gratefully to a softly blowing sky. No. And when he would be old and helpless he'd be a burden to no one. The relatives that worried over him and said, why didn't he settle down? Why didn't he sit comfortable inside a shop? And did he think he would be going on like this another year? Well, they could give him credit for being practical, if they knew. The money lay in two banks now, and who else but a cautious, careful fellow would have thought of that? Meanwhile, the money was a-rising.

Trudging sometimes through the falling snow he would repeat, the money was a-rising. And maybe when a man was eighty—maybe ninety—he wouldn't want to do this kind of thing. He'd want to sit inside, close to a fire with folks to wait on him, his legs out stiff in front of him and wrapped up in a blanket. He always choked or stumbled at this reassuring picture. And standing still would turn his face against the tingle of the flying whiteness and dropping his bundle would scoop the crumbling stuff up in his hands, would taste upon his tongue the flat wet flavor of it.

There was something about that easy picture of his old age that gave him a queer feeling, a sort of gnawing pain, like, around his heart. Being practical, he put it down to a healthy man's need to keep on working; a kind of shrinking from the thought of age.

So when the winter came that he was sixty-five, and he found himself looking ahead cautiously like his custom to the time he might be old, he thought, why not? Why not make his route larger and strike off into new country? New faces—new houses—umbrellas he'd never seen before. "A new friend means one more old one." It had a moral to it.

So when he found himself on a strange rutted road, climbing uphill between uneven farms, he tried to sober his delight with a few practical reflections. But sure enough, the queer pain presently began to gnaw around his heart.

A barn rose up ahead of him on the crest of the hill and that, he decided with his usual caution, was as good a place as any for the night. And though by the time he reached it, his breath was troubling him, he enjoyed the difficult walk up to the farmhouse to ask permission to stop overnight.

The walk back to the barn seemed longer, somehow, and he sank down upon the sweet crisp hay with a great well of thankfulness around his heart. His heart. The pain. The pain was rising; was spreading, like a light. A fierce great light. And suddenly inside that beating brightness he saw his whole life climbing to this hilltop, the long procession of his wild and carefree days, his footloose, independent life, climbing to die upon a bed of hay. Below him somewhere were all his efforts to be a cautious fellow. Behind him, shut up in two old banks, was all his money. It could never rise and hold him now. He had escaped it. And turning his head to look expectantly at what might lie beyond him, he knew himself triumphantly at last for an adventurer.

A Letter to Hollywood

(Continued from Page 613)

paid well to be undistinguished and commonplace—which proved by thousands of ghastly movies that we were a nation of twelve-year-old minds—and nothing else, is about to be spanked. The "highbrow," in the vernacular of Broadway, "is about to get a break," not much of a break, but more than he has had in some thirty years of movie-making. In other words, it is highly probable that in a few years there will be a regular supply of films aimed at the now despised "highbrow," who has in the past led almost an apologetic life in the glare of the movie industry. I do not mean to imply that all these films will be masterpieces, any more than I mean to say that all the novels or stage plays aimed at civilized audiences will be masterpieces. The point is that the "highbrow" is gradually becoming respectable.

At present business is bad. The old formulae which continued to bring Rolls-Royces and swimming pools to the lucky ones year after year in spite of wasteful business management, favoritism towards girl friends and relatives, and childish extravagances, are no longer working. The old magic is no longer sure-fire, positive. The suckers on whom the industry banked so heavily appear to have become "choosey." When fine films like *All Quiet on the Western Front* or *Holiday* come along, or when even such moderately well-done talkies as *The Office Wife* and *The Doorway to Hell* appear, the financial records are quite satisfactory. But the great gold mine in which every foot of celluloid turned to gold over night is, I believe, mined out. The gold rush is over. From now on the reward is not simply to the strong but to the skilful. And even to these it will not always be certain. At present people are staying home, playing miniature golf, attending night football or baseball or hockey (there are many indoor stadia), or playing ping pong or checkers—and going to the movies only when they feel they will enjoy them. In a way, Mr. Laemmle, you should all be complimented. Instead of going to your theatre to kill time they are going with the idea of enjoying themselves.

Now you ask, "what type of story or play is best fitted for today's and tomorrow's audience?"

In the past, certainly, it has been possible to uncover a vein of story material and work it for all it was worth—and more, and in the future it will often be possible to do something similiar. But the real problem of the future ap-

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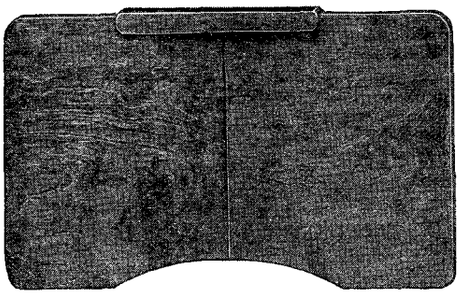
pears to me to be that of pleasing your audiences which, because they are now paying keen attention to the screen, want to be genuinely entertained and not just lulled into a doze. This results, as I have been saying, in pleasing a number of audiences. I realize that this takes a good deal of the gold out of movie production, that is, the sure-fire gold. Every now and then somebody will produce cheaply a bit of trash (such as *Common Clay* which is, of course, one of the best paying films of the year), but on the whole the producer's problem is that of aiming certain types of stories at certain types of people—yes, even to making a percentage of definitely "highbrow" films and selecting a certain number of the smaller houses (with, say, 1500 seats) and teaching this type of patron that he can always find this type of film in these theatres. The cheaper films, the run-of-the-mill movies, will also get a better reception in their own houses when their patrons will feel confident that they won't have their evening spoiled by any of those terrible "highbrow" films (such as *Laughter, Outward Bound, Old English* and *Morocco*).

Perhaps you think there is no money at all in doing things this way . . . . in making movies to fit people? While I do not presume to begin to know a tenth of what you do about movie management I feel sure that some such arrangement will *have* to be worked out in the near future. Every business man of course tries to make his big successes pay for his inevitable failures, but I feel that in the past one strikingly successful film has paid for a carload of "flops." This is hardly fair. It is thus all too easy to show that "a good film never pays." It is still a little too soon to be sure but there seems to be no doubt that *Holiday* and *Laughter* will pay for themselves and bring reasonably handsome profits. Whether each one would also pay the losses on a half dozen less successful productions is another matter.

Now, you may ask, why, when the mob pays the greatest number of admissions, am I suggesting that you deliberately make a percentage of mature, "sophisticated" films?

This is why. The number of the despised "highbrows" who would go to the movies if you could offer them fifty-two or even twelve good films a year is greater than you imagine. You have seldom seen the color of their money, and they have more of it, by the way, than the high school girls you are counting on so heavily. With its recruits from the regular "movie audiences" it numbers—well, sufficient millions to make a paying audience.

In addition to the natural born "high-



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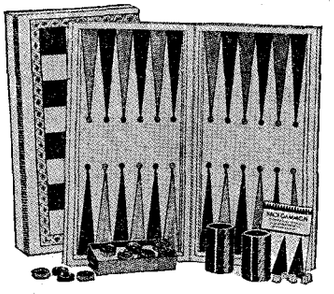

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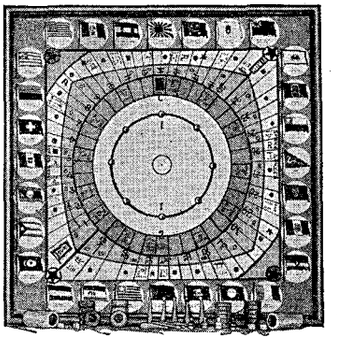

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brows" there are these recruits I have been mentioning. Why they are deserting the old "movie public" I don't quite know, but I have taken a guess at a few of the reasons below.

You see I have no magic formula, and I honestly hope that none exists. Novelty and change are vital factors in entertainment, and if all the producers on the Coast were suddenly to decide on a new plot tomorrow, we would all have to look at the same identical story for the next two years, just as we had to look at copies of *The Broadway Melody* when that was a success.

Now for a few reasons as to why the American public has become more mature, more skeptical and more "sophisticated" in the past ten years.

First, prosperity and the natural maturing of the American people. The pioneer severity of life which influenced morals and behavior until the War has completely disappeared in many communities. We are more cosmopolitan, more tolerant.

Second, prohibition has put liquor in the home and taught the ladies to drink. Women as well as men now occasionally forget their troubles in liquor for a few hours—and this makes them more tolerant of the behavior of others and the world at large.

Third, the sophisticated magazine and its exposé of the petty fakeries in American business, morals and politics.

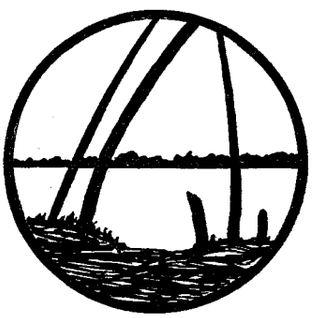
Fourth, the increasing number of boys and girls going through colleges. This number is not tremendous but into each community the college student often brings a slightly more skeptical attitude. He or she is a living demonstration that a dash of education is not necessarily fatal. It is no longer bad form to be literate.

Fifth, the increasing number of people, most of them quite young, who manage to get to Europe each summer. Many of them manage on two or three hundred dollars in cash.

Sixth, the books on etiquette which have sold so well in the last ten years indicate a decided desire on the part of the mob to educate itself out of its own condition. Many producers "dumb it up"* for the masses, but the masses have a tremendous itch to become personalities. The desire to have some personal distinction is universal. People have been going to the movies for years only to discover that instead of being treated as grown-up people of the world, they were treated like high school children and servant girls.

Seventh, city life, necessarily more complicated and mature, is attracting a constantly increasing number of people. As you know, the expense of the talking apparatus has killed off some 10,000 of the smaller and older theatres, which have been replaced by a few larger and more comfortable houses in larger towns. People don't mind driving in to town to see a show. In fact it would seem that they would rather go ten miles to a movie they had some reason to think they would like than to go around the corner to the movies and be bored to death. A big house, even in a small town, will demand superior films, or perhaps I should say that it will be able to afford better pictures than the little old-fashioned one room movie house made from a converted store.

Eighth, advertising, the radio, nationally advertised and distributed products including not simply store clothes but all manner of gadgets and appliances, are slowly helping to kill the "hick" and his prejudices. There are still thousands of towns, of course, where the girl who smokes is still considered a "lost woman," but they are getting scarcer every day. . . . If people use the latest model of car, the newest electric refrigerator, read the current magazines, wear the latest styles and hear the latest news almost immediately, they are also going to incline towards the latest moral and social tastes in entertainment. The simple heroines Mary Pickford portrayed, and the naïve dog-like hero may get by now and then, but they do not represent what the young people of the United States are dreaming of. The modern movie heroine may actually have had an affair with another man before she meets the hero, without sacrificing the audience's respect or interest. Here, of course, you run into Father Hays, the state censors and the meddling women's clubs. All I can say at this point is that you have my sympathy. I might also suggest that the more you can publicize asinine decisions of the censors the better the chance that they will some day be laughed out of existence. Note that "Legs" Diamond was practically kidded to death by the newspapers. You will find that the press will be glad to work with you on this. I must add, however, that the industry has done very well in the matter of slipping a few intelligent films by the women's clubs. And the Will Hays edict stopped neither *Rain* (released as *Sadie Thompson*) or *The Green Hat* (released as *A Woman of Affairs*)—nor is it stopping *The Command to Love* which you are now showing under the slightly plush title of *A Boudoir Diplomat.*



Ninth, Greta Garbo. This is hardly a reason, it is a manifestation, a phenomenon which any one interested in the tastes of the American people can hardly ignore. Garbo has replaced Pickford as the young girls' ideal. She has replaced her not simply as a box office attraction, but as a symbol of what Americans are interested in. All the girls wear Garbo clothes and hats, and walk Garbo, and lean Garbo against the furniture. Here the old reliable movie theory that shopgirl audiences are chiefly interested in seeing themselves— in seeing the glorification of their own kind, as when a clerk marries a prince—is no longer effective. Not one girl in a thousand can ever hope to look like Garbo, really. Garbo is impossible for the American woman. Pickford was not. Garbo, like the etiquette books, urges the girls on to newer and more exotic allurements.

Further, Garbo stands for a more mature, cosmopolitan and sophisticated point of view. Mother's clubs may recommend nice, simple Westerns (if there are any left in a few years) but the boys and girls will spend their money to watch Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, or Rose Hobart. The cow-eyed Billie Dove, the kittenish Colleen Moore, and the too-sweet Esther Ralston will not be seen much longer.

Tenth, there is another reason why you should make a percentage of pictures aimed at the despised "highbrow" audiences. Please notice, by the way, that I do not say "super films" or spectacle films in speaking of pictures for the adult audience. The fact is that this audience does not always ask much in the way of cash expenditure, although it may be "choosey" in the matter of actors, direction and story. *Holiday* and one of your own films, *Hell's Heroes,* were dirt cheap to produce compared to some of the song and dance atrocities which have been inflicted on us since sound came in.

This final reason is not so simple, for, as I have pointed out, I believe the simplicity of movie-making is rapidly passing away.

*"Dumbing it up" is a recognized movie phrase. When anything "highbrow" crept into the films in the old days the producers deliberately set about "dumbing it up."

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It is this. The moving picture has been established some twenty-five years, and yet it has never assumed any leadership. It has never commanded any respect—any real respect, even from its ardent fans. Hollywood has awed people with its display of clothes and cars and bright lights. It has thrown money around senselessly and furnished gossip writers with columns of amorous and divorce news, it has staggered normal citizens with its fabulous salaries, it has herded them into vast plaster and gilt arenas and bullied them with white-cotton-gloved ushers and told them that it was the biggest and best and most titanic and greatest and grandest institution on earth.

But almost never has it produced an idea. It has followed the stage meekly, gratefully and humbly, snatching not only its hits but its crumbs. These it has made into all-too-often pallid ghosts which have made both the author and the public slightly ill. The industry is, then, big and powerful and showy, but it does not command the respect which the stage, for all its weaknesses and its lack of financial strength, still does command.

To win the respect of the audiences, as well as their cash, the industry should occasionally forsake the true and tried and let somebody with a new idea make a picture. When the general public learns that it can occasionally expect something as fresh as the legitimate stage success, *Broadway, The Front Page, Strictly Dishonorable, The Green Pastures, Roar China,* the movie will find a real place in American life in which it will need no color processes, wide screens or stereoscoptic devices to keep itself alive.

Sincerely yours,
CREIGHTON PEET.

The Power Issue Emerges

(Continued from Page 616)

and amortization on the entire project. It is such demonstrations as these, critics charge, that the power interests fear more than anything else.

Charges that the power companies influence or control state governments and their regulatory commissions are more frequently heard. As noted, they played a prominent part in the recent elections. In the national field, the picture is less defined, but it is gradually becoming clearer. Assertions have been made that both the last administration and the present one have shown undue favoritism to the power industry and that both have been under obligations to it.

In support of the charge of favoritism various items are offered. Mr. Coolidge opposed public development of Muscle Shoals. So does Mr. Hoover, after having announced his support of such development during his campaign. Mr. Hoover supported the Boulder Dam Act, on the other hand, but the critics charge that Ray Lyman Wilbur, his Secretary of the Interior, has destroyed much of the value of this support. By obtaining a legal ruling from his departmental solicitor permitting allocation of much of the prospective power to private companies which opposed the law, Mr. Wilbur, it is asserted, promises to let them win after all. Under the Federal Power Act, the critics assert, all the power should be allocated to public agencies—towns and cities—which want it all.

As ex-officio chairman of the Federal Power Commission, it is likewise charged, Mr. Wilbur has done everything in his power to wreck the public safeguards of the Power Act. Mr. Wilbur, say the critics, procured the appointment of Frank E. Bonner as executive secretary and active head of the commission. Bonner, it is asserted, sought to halt the commission accountants' work of squeezing "water" out of the claimed investments of hydro-power licensees by getting the accounting appropriation reduced and the work "farmed out" to uninformed employees in other departments.

Wilbur and Bonner are now held jointly responsible for procuring from Attorney General Mitchell a legal opinion which the anti-power spokesmen say threatens to wreck the whole Power Act. This opinion, requested and made public by the President, asserts that protection of navigation is the "only interest" of the United States in issuing licenses to develop publicly-owned water-powers. The ruling, if acted upon, say the critics, will abolish the chief function of the Power Commission—namely, to determine the actual investment of licensees so as to prevent profiteering, and as a basis of public recapture cost when the license expires. In the process of determining investments in such projects, the commission accountants already have uncovered millions of "water" in the licensees' investment figures—and the development of the nation's hydro-power is just beginning.

In this same opinion, the Attorney General raised "serious questions" regarding the constitutionality of the law if it were not interpreted to permit licensees to escape this valuation. This, say the critics, was a direct invitation to the power companies to challenge the act. Within a month the challenge came—the first in the law's ten-year-old history. In this assault, the Clarion River Power Company, of Pennsylvania, attacks the commission's right to reject more than $6,000,000 of its claimed investment of some $11,300,000. As a result, the National Popular Government League has marshaled a battery of nationally-known attorneys to defend the public rights, allegedly jeopardized by the Attorney General. The state of Pennsylvania also has sought to intervene to protect its citizens from having to pay this company rates based on the claimed valuation.

INTIMATIONS are now heard in Washington of a Congressional inquiry this winter into reasons for the alleged administration favoritism to the power interests. Last spring another such inquiry developed the relation of Claudius H. Huston with lobbying efforts for the leasing of Muscle Shoals, and forced his resignation as Republican National Chairman.

Regardless of what such an inquiry might bring out, various interesting facts are so close to the surface as to require very little digging. Several federal officers, including Cabinet members, formerly had active connections with power companies, and critics also point out that Republican campaign contributions from power interests are unusually high—all of which may mean nothing at all, but it is good campaign material for 1932.

This, in sum, is the "power issue" as it stands today. To meet it, two schools of thought have arisen. The first school, exemplified by Mr. Hoover, still holds to regulation, with a leaning toward state regulation rather than federal in most instances. Mr. Hoover himself has wavered between the two types; a few years ago he was opposing federal regulatory attempts, but last year he recommended that Congress give the Federal Power Commission means to regulate interstate transmission of power. As a result, Senator Couzens has offered a bill which would do this and also attempt some control over holding companies.

The "radical" school holds that regu-

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lation has failed, both in the states and to the small extent it has been attempted by the federal government. Officers of the regulatory agencies, it charges, have come under the domination of the very interests they are supposed to regulate. These charges form a large part of the power issue as it is now raised. But to meet this alleged failure, be it noted, the "radicals" do not propose public acquisition of the whole power industry, as was proposed in consideration of the railroad issue a decade ago. Rather, they advocate only the setting up of public power projects here and there as yardsticks with which to measure and modify the alleged exorbitance of private company rates. This is the sentiment which has put the Norris Muscle Shoals bill twice through the Senate and once through the House. It played a large part in enacting that the government shall develop the power to be created by the Boulder Dam. It induced the voters of Washington and Oregon to clear the way for public development on the Ontario plan, and led Nebraskans, at the recent election, to authorize municipal plants to sell current beyond the municipal borders. It is only by such devices that public projects can obtain the advantages of the market and economies made available to the private industry by regional integration.

The public competition advocates made significant advances this fall, but the major clash is yet to come. There are no indications that the industry intends to give ground anywhere, either in rates, financial practices or political activity. It is strongly intrenched, and its stake is enormous. It will fight the Norris Muscle Shoals bill and the Couzens proposals as vigorously as it fought the Boulder Dam bill and the Walsh inquiry resolution. It may be expected to continue attacking the regulatory efforts of the Federal Power Commission and the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission to uncover the secrets of its financial operations. Some public men will continue to throw their political fortunes in with this gigantic monopoly and who can doubt that there will be an ultimate day of reckoning?

Old Schools for New

(Continued from Page 621)

adjustments are exactly the same as adjustments that are to modify in functioning experiences, or that the functions that are to adjust in experiencing modifications are equivalent to the modifications that are to experience in adjusting functions. But the meaning, while probably never the same to any two progressive educators at the same moment, is not of transcending importance. The important thing is for those who chant this pedagogical song to have both the words and the tune.

PROGRESSIVE teachers can get along only tolerably well with less equipment than just this. Otherwise how are they and their communities to know that they are progressive? Less well equipped, how can they understand that the organization of experience, in incoherent systems or in a world that is subject to change without notice and does in fact change, is a fundamental factor in promoting the application of experience to the improvement of adjustment and that this modification is profoundly significant in the educative process? How can one teach arithmetic according to the needs of children in the corn belt or spelling in the tobacco belt or in the industrial centers if she does not know inventory techniques when she sees them? Improvident is that hired hand of the community who is unacquainted with educational attitudes, skills, and appreciations, and who neglects her coordinators, the inter-action of intellectual variables, and cycle omnibus forms. And helpless will she be in participating in socialized pupil activities which, the specialists say, should be spontaneous and creative, if she is ignorant of such words as self-adaptive, self-perfecting, self-modifying, self-regenerative, self-creative, and if she cannot wrestle safely with concepts and inferiority complexes, manipulate multiple correlation co-efficients, or juggle those educational devices that express the total efficiency of the scale when tests chosen are those that bear the best or highest relations with the criterion, or words to the same effect, if you are still able to catch the meaning. The progressives frown heavily upon those teachers who use only plain and simple words and phrases, but bring comfort to those who are sick and tired of the dull neutralities of undecorated pedagogy.

Hence a part of the growing popularity of the new education. The progressive school finds fault with the rigidity of procedure and the compulsion of the old, objects to the prescriptions of programs of school work, except those that are initiated and approved by the children themselves, and recognizes no educational objectives except those that relate closely to their present interests and needs. It views restrictions externally imposed as obstacles to "vitalized" education. It allows no place for the initiative of the teacher, who is expected to be indulgent and renounce allegiance to standards; little if any place for rigorous effort by children; but a large place for seductive interests and activities. The children are to gather rosebuds here and there, spin their tops and skip their ropes as they desire.

The emphasis throughout is upon the necessity for freedom. On this doctrine all progressive educational practice is believed by its advocates to lie. Through it alone are school children to gain the opportunity to develop naturally, to be spontaneous and unaffected, and to grow in ability to think and to act according to their needs and desires when they have and feel them. Initiative is implied in this doctrine which requires that children have opportunity for a free participation in the life of the school and for what may be called rich and varied physical, mental, social, and artistic activities. Interest is also implied in the doctrine which demands that children have opportunity to investigate, to explore, and to experiment, with a minimum of adult guidance and free from adult indoctrination. "Creative self-expression" is said to be the aim of this doctrine of freedom which looks to the development both of a "distinct individuality" and of those qualities that are necessary for one to possess as an accepted and respected member of the social group. The aim of the new education is what the progressive educators call the making of "integrated personalities."

THE roots of the doctrine of freedom in school are believed to run back into the influence of one of the world's worst problem children, Jean Jacques Rousseau, on through Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi and some of his disciples, and more recently into the influence of John Dewey and his followers who would have new schools for old. The advocates of the doctrine of freedom never tire of quoting this eminent philosopher-prophet in support of it. But it is now apparent that many of his disciples have followed him so far off that they have never acquired a thorough understanding of Dewey's view of freedom. Only recently he has been forced to speak out in restraint of those who call themselves his interpreters and who have dared to prophesy and to undertake to do mighty works in his name. He holds that freedom is gained through the use of intelligence and not that intelligence is gained through the wild exercise of freedom. Those who have been pretending to cast out pedagogical devils without the master's knowledge or consent must have stood aghast at his recent rebuke, if indeed they understood it.

When viewed in the large, it seems that the progressive schools have not yet been able to substitute an altogether

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worthy program for that which they would discard and have in many cases discarded. Textbook material as a means of instruction is often looked upon by them with scorn and seen simply as a relic of the past. But the more thoughtful and conservative educators still consider good books, scientifically organized subject matter, as educative materials for which there can now be no safe substitute. The progressive schools are inclined to look upon education as a painless process which calls for little sustained effort on the part of children. Moreover, they seem to fail to develop in children a sense of responsibility. Extreme individualism seems also to be encouraged by the theory that the child is something isolated, whose experiences are complete in his own emotions and instinctive impulses, who lives entirely within himself and not "in a world of nature and man."

"Some of these schools," says Dewey himself, "indulge pupils in unrestrained freedom of action and speech, of manners and lack of manners. Schools farthest to the left (and there are many parents who share the fallacy) carry the thing they call freedom nearly to the point of anarchy."

Both in theory and practice the new education seems soft. Some of its tendencies may be silly fads, but they could easily become dangerous. The ideals that govern the education of youth today will reflect themselves in adult life tomorrow. If the ideals within the school now lack virility it would be unreasonable to look for robust ideals later outside. Freedom is, of course, a precious thing. But it is never a gift. It cannot be imposed. It is always a conquest. The new education, therefore, seems to need more definiteness, more thoroughness, and better standards. Perhaps it needs a little of the iron the old education had; those who teach appear to need a keener sense of responsibility for guiding and giving counsel to the young in all their blind impulses, immaturity, and inexperience.

The Future of Prohibition

(Continued from Page 619)

prohibition, but also upon a belief that it was practically impossible to repeal any part of the Constitution once it was adopted. In order to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment it would be necessary first to adopt a resolution by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress and then to obtain ratification of this action by both Houses of every legislature in thirty-six states. Seventy-two legislative bodies must agree. Thirteen bodies could block repeal forever. These thirteen bodies, rightly apportioned, could exist in states containing approximately five per cent of the country's population.

Mathematically, these statistics were a devastating argument against the possibility of repeal. As a matter of everyday politics, they were formidable but not conclusive. Over a long period of time these figures ignored a steady drift of population and political power to the cities. Over a shorter period they ignored the psychology of mass movement and the possibility, at least conceivable, of such a bandwagon rush on the part of the state legislatures as had occurred in 1918 and 1919, but in the opposite direction. They ignored the political pressure which would presumably be brought to bear on the less populous agrarian states, in the matter of withholding subsidies from the federal treasury, if the proponents of repeal succeeded in capturing a majority of Congress. They ignored, finally, the possibility of any change in attitude on the part of the friends of prohibition: a change perhaps no more likely but quite as credible as a change in attitude on the part of its opponents.

It is significant in this respect that most plans for repeal proposed by the end of 1930 sought to assure the friends of prohibition that repeal need not necessarily mean either the return of the saloon to any part of the United States or the loss of federal assistance to those states which wished to prohibit intoxicating beverages entirely. The plan for repeal proposed by Governor Smith in 1928, simultaneously with his plan for modification, was based on the Canadian system of sale by a public agency in those states in which a majority of the electorate approved such a policy by referendum vote[14]. The plan for repeal submitted to the voters of New Jersey by Mr. Morrow in 1930 was a plan for a new amendment which would "restore to the states the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic," but simultaneously "vest in the federal government power to give all possible protection and assistance to

14. Address accepting the Democratic nomination, August 22, 1928.

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those states that desire complete prohibition against invasion from states that do not[15]."

Plainly the purpose of such plans was an effort to find some ground on which a new agreement might be reached. "I looked forward to a time," said Mr. Morrow in the address in which he announced himself in favor of repeal, "when the old leaders in the temperance movement, the churches and the schools and the social workers, will appreciate that they have not reached a final solution of a world-old problem by the present Eighteenth Amendment. I look forward to the time when the moral teachers of the country will realize that in the battle for a great social reform there was wisdom in the old system of experimenting in forty-eight laboratories rather than in one[16]."

Whether this was a reasonable hope, only the future could disclose. There were formidable difficulties in the process of repealing or amending the Eighteenth Amendment. It was an open question whether these difficulties were more formidable or less formidable than the difficulties involved in an effort to persuade the public to accept the law or the effort to persuade the federal government to initiate a realistic program of enforcing it or the effort to solve an unsolved problem by any other means than by a policy of drift.

WHATEVER possibilities the future held, one fact seemed unmistakable. Until some settlement was reached which disposed of this problem as effectively as the American people could hope to dispose of it, prohibition seemed destined to remain a dominant and disturbing issue. The policy of drift not only failed to enforce the law. It left the raw edge of controversy uppermost. Friends of the law denounced its enemies as rebels. Opponents of the law insisted that its friends had betrayed the Constitution. Presidents accused the state governments of evading their responsibilities. State governments defied successive Presidents by continuing to vote inadequate appropriations for enforcement. The debate over the results which prohibition had achieved ran on interminably and with mounting bitterness on both sides. The blunt prediction before a committee of the House of Representatives in 1930 that a real effort to enforce the law would lead to open rebellion matched the declaration of an ardent group of prohibitionists that it was now "war to the knife and knife to the hilt between the forces of sobriety and orderly government on one hand and the forces of liquor and lawlessness on the other[17]."

There had been an early hope that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment definitely answered the question of regulating the use of intoxicating liquor in so far as this question concerned the United States. No doubt a large number of votes cast in favor of the Amendment, both in Congress and in the state legislatures, had been predicated on this hope. Mr. Harding had expressed the devout wish of many men in public office to be done forever with a contentious issue when he declared, during the debate on the Eighteenth Amendment in the Senate, "I want to see this question settled. I want to take it out of the halls of Congress and refer it to the people, who must make the ultimate decision[18]."

For a brief period of time, circumstances favored the theory that the question had actually been settled, that it had at last been taken out of the halls of Congress, that the process of referring it to the state legislatures during the War period was equivalent to referring it "to the people, who must make the ultimate decision." The completeness of the dry victory crushed all political opposition. The effort of Congress to enforce the law primarily by making speeches about it seemed adequate to the occasion. The experiment with national prohibition was so new that the friends of prohibition could afford to dismiss indulgently any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the states.

At the end of a decade nothing remained of these early hopes that the Eighteenth Amendment had finally disposed of the question of intoxicating liquor, either as an issue in politics or as a problem in administration. On the contrary, this question was now more of an issue in politics than it had ever been: threatening for the first time actually to split parties whereas it had once merely vexed them; forcing an unwelcome controversy over the Volstead Act into the election of judges, prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs and even county clerks; dominating political discussion in state and municipal elections, once either party announced a position which permitted the opposing party to raise the issue of modification or repeal; involving municipal administrations in a never-ending search for a workable compromise between enforcement of the law and observance of opinion in communities which did not like it.

"I presume I am like the mayor of every other large city in this country, hoping for a day to come when our efforts may be given to something else than prohibition," Mayor Dever of Chicago told a committee of Congress in 1926. "I want to be relieved, if I can; I have a human longing either to pass the burden of this great subject on to somebody else, or else from the aid of constructive legislation to be relieved of its annoyance. It is an everyday—yes, an hourly—difficulty with us in Chicago. The mayor of that city has great powers. He is responsible for everything that occurs there. The school board, the library board, the great hospitals, the police, fire, everything is brought to the door of the chief executive; and yet, notwithstanding the growing need for attention to these highly important matters, our attention is engrossed with this particular subject. It is almost impossible to give anything approaching good government along general lines, this one subject presses so strongly upon our attention. Even I, who have tried to divest myself personally and as chief executive of the subject, and not to allow myself to be embroiled in it, find myself immersed in it, to the very great damage of the city, from morning until night[19]."

The experience of Mayor Dever had been matched in the experience of mayors of other cities who told their stories to Congressional committees, to the public or to the press. It had been matched in the experience of governors, of state legislatures, of federal administrations, of Congress and of the courts.

To the question of enacting or repealing state enforcement codes, gov-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in The Outlook of December 13, 1950

The Swedish cartoonist, Sjorken Loos, was awarded the 1950 prize of $47,000 by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for his collection of pictures lampooning the frailties and absurdities of the Swedish people.

The Park Avenue Association, New York, gave a banquet Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Stickett who have occupied the same apartment at 3456 Park Avenue for four years.

On the announcement that for the first time a member of the Amalgamated Entertainers Union had been engaged to enact the role of Santa Claus at the White House on December 25, the American Federation of Santa Claus Impersonators, 392,000 strong, protested vigorously to the President.

15. *New York Times*, May 16, 1930.
16. *Ibid.*
17. *Hearings of the House Judiciary Committee*, 71st Congress, 2nd Session, Serial 5, pt. 1, p. 200; resolution of the Southern Baptist Convention, New Orleans, *New York Times*, May 17, 1930.
18. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5648.
19. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1378.

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ernors and legislatures devoted a vast amount of party strategy and political manoeuvring. To the task of winning compliance with a law which a large part of the public continued to disobey, successive Presidents devoted an endless series of messages and public statements. To the question of controlling a traffic in intoxicating liquor which it had sought to destroy in 1917, once and for all, Congress now gave more time than ever. To the question of enforcing prohibition in the courts the federal judiciary devoted so much of its attention that two-thirds of all the criminal prosecutions within its jurisdiction were now cases under a single statute: the National Prohibition Act.

Until this question which troubled city administrations, state administrations and federal administrations had been disposed of by one means or another, by enforcement or by nullification, by observance or by repeal, it was difficult to believe that prohibition could be kept from monopolizing a large part of the attention of the government and determining single-handedly the fitness of many candidates for public office.

National prohibition by constitutional amendment had begun as the golden dream of thousands of devoted men and women. At the end of a decade it had precipitated a struggle which was to test the political wisdom of the American Republic.

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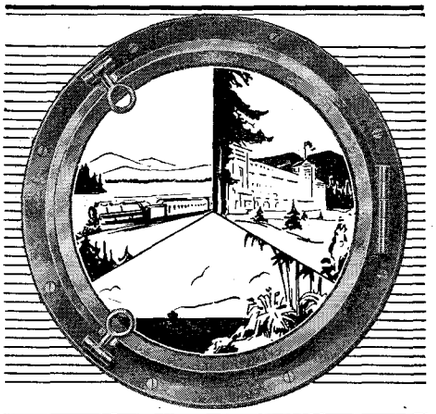

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With Our Readers

What's Wrong with Lindbergh

To the Editor: *Vergennes, Vt.*

SIR—I have just read John S. Gregory's article, "What's Wrong with Lindbergh." To my mind his last sentence is his best. "But what ever they [the Lindberghs] do you may be sure they have deliberated carefully and think they have ample reason for doing it their own way."

What better rule of conduct than this: to deliberate carefully and then do it your own way? It may be true as the yahoo reporters of the sensational press seem to feel that Lindbergh has alienated millions of readers by his aloofness, but I opine there are other millions who will hold him in even higher respect in that he refuses to bare his private life for the sake of furnishing amusement to fools and morons.

WOODBURN HARRIS

Cooperation in Congress

To the Editor: *Jackson, Miss.*

SIR—Your portrait of "Jack" Garner, the "Tiger from Texas," in your issue of November 26, is cumulative evidence that the country is safe—viewed from a Shylockian standpoint. Mr. Garner favors a tariff on mohair, so it appears; then his alleged opposition on wool is pure bunk. Of course, Mr. Garner knows that to gain one he must grant the other.

Your same issue comments on the recent Democratic round robin. That round robin is the first instance, so far as I know, when the victors surrendered to the vanquished. Certainly, the Democrats have gained a Pyrrhic victory.

The Democrats are not going to use obstructive tactics now, but are going to cooperate with the Republicans in their efforts to restore prosperity. This is a naive confession that their former bellowed opposition was blatherskite; not to be taken seriously, but was merely for home consumption, merely to fool their gullible constituents. The time for obstructive tactics was when the infamous Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was pending; then a filibuster might have been effective.

The cause and cure for what is euphemistically called our "deplorable depression" is known to all men of affairs, to none better than to President Hoover. Since that is true, then why not apply the remedy? Echo answers: "Why not?"

. . . . It is my opinion—not original, but adopted—that we can hope for no relief from either party. The predatory powers have the controlling interest in the three branches of our government; also in the great moulders of public opinion—the press and the pulpit.

M. M. JAYNE.

Sweetness and Light

To the Editor: *Webster Groves, Mo.*

SIR—I congratulate your paper on the excellent article on "Hoover-Conscious Stanford" by Duncan Aikman. This well seasoned and most illuminating article shows that science and knowledge will not guarantee liberty of thought in our universities unless truth is loved more than a comfortable professorship.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Senator Walsh's Victory

To the Editor: *Havre, Mont.*

SIR—In your issue of the 19th you state, "The drys won victories in Delaware, Montana and Pennsylvania."

The re-election of Senator Walsh in Montana is not generally looked upon here as a dry victory. Seventy-five per cent of Montana voters were wet in the sense that they do not believe in prohibition as sponsored under the Eighteenth Amendment. The Democratic state convention this year was predominately wet, but when the liquor question came up the cry was, "Let T. J. have anything he wants." The Senator knew this and afterwards, when a friend reminded him of it he replied, "It was splendid of the boys, wasn't it?"

"There is more to this election than the liquor question. A continuation of present conditions, with the adverse legislation affecting the producing classes, particularly the farmers, will cause you to be far more concerned about what you eat and wear than about what you drink."

"Walsh and his progressive associates in the Senate are standing like a stone wall against the prostitution of government by the tremendous wealth of the nation which seeks nothing b its own selfish interests at the expense of th great body of the people."

Such were the expressions heard during the campaign. Instead of a dry it was a Walsh victory, boosted, of course, by an unpopular administration. It was a ratification of the Walsh attitude in the Senate and of his position o public questions generally; a spontaneous out burst of approval of the Walsh prosecution o grafters and of his courageous stand in face o any opposition when his conscience approves hi course; a rebuke to the Walsh critics who attempt to ridicule exposure of public plunderers, Montana's answer to those who would belittle the services of one of her distinguished sons by sneeringly referring to the Senator as merely an investigator. The people of Montana may impress some of the provincial inhabitants of the East as being lineal decendants of the "wild jackass," but they at least have intelligence enough to rec ognize ability and loyalty in their public servants and when they recognize it they have to possess some of the contumacy of the "wild jackass" r standing back of it.

If Congress adopts a resolution to be submitted to the states for adoption as an amendment to the Constitution that would nullify the Eighteenth Amendment and embodies in such resolution some provision for effective control of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, similar to the law in force in Alberta, it will carry in Montana by at least as great majority as the Senator received for re-election, but if such resolution makes no provision to prevent the return of the old-time saloon, Montana will probably vote dry.

C. F. MORRIS.

Juryless Trials

To the Editor: *Denton, Md*

SIR—Keep the record straight. In your issue of December 3rd Mr. Merz, page 558, holds federal criminal cases not triable by the court without a jury. "That's just another case where nine good men went wrong," as Judge John C. Rose used to tell his classes at the University of Maryland, "for the Supreme Court decided otherwise." (Patton vs. U. S., 50 Sup. Ct. Rep. 253.)

The wisdom of requiring all criminal cases to be tried by jury without regard to the desires of the parties may well be questioned. I think there can be few disadvantages to trial without jury if both government and accused freely consent. To such procedure I think there may be many advantages. I think the Supreme Court was over-cautious in the opinion in the above case in its effort to prevent the zealous from over-stepping the proper bounds of such procedure. Experience in Maryland practice has shown that abuse is unlikely.

I think there may be many advantages and few disadvantages to conferring upon federal commissioners the power to hear and determine in certain classes of cases the right of appeal and the right to a jury trial upon appeal being secured, of course. And I see no reason to limit these cases to prohibition offenses. The transmission of the facts found and the recommendations of the commissioner to the court for sentence, as has been advocated, seems unnecessarily cumbersome. It is in the interest of justice to make procedure as simple and direct as possib

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Why Bother?

To the Editor: *Canton, Ohio*

SIR—I often wonder whether the proponents and opponents of repeal stop to think how little difference repeal would make.

Here in Ohio we have our own dry amendment written into the state constitution and we have our Crabbe act which does, or is supposed to do, for Ohio what the Volstead act does, or is supposed to do, for the United States. In very many of the states where dry sentiment has been sufficiently strong to force its way into the state constitution, the same condition prevails.

Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would therefore leave Ohio and these other states as dry, or as wet, as they are today. In the remaining states where the sentiment is not so dry, repeal would still make little or no difference because the dry laws are not enforced there anyway and repeal would leave these states as wet or as dry as they now are.

So why all this fuss? In the language of General Grant, "let us have peace."

W. J. OBY.

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